CHARLTON,

OR SCENES IN

THE NORTH OF IRELAND;

A Tale.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY JOHN GAMBLE, ESQ.

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In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

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CHARLTON.

CHAP. I.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried;
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

It was still lingering day, and Charlton hastily crossed several fields, until he came to the brow of a hill, when the faint hum

and ascending smoke showed him that he was near the habitations of men. Jaded and sick at heart, he stood a few moments leaning against one of those loose and low stone walls, in Ireland so generally called ditches, looking down on the confused houses, indistinctly seen through the blue smoke and darkening sky.

With a sigh he returned on his steps, to seek a less beautiful but more secluded scene. Before him lay a huge mountain, bleak in almost primitive barrenness; and, with feeble steps and slow, he toiled up the steep ascent, stepping as well as he could from one heap of rushes to another, which was almost the only firm footing it afforded.

It would have required more of the enthusiasm of revolution than he had ever possessed, to have supported him over this hill of difficulty and slough of despond, both in one; his spirits were fast flagging, when happily he got the cordial of company. A rosy-cheeked damsel, all flaunting with orange ribbons, and walking at a

very different rate from what he was doing, came up with him.

"Guide evening to you, young man," said she, availing herself of the privilege of her sex, and beginning the conversation; "I see'd ye a bit afore me, and so I maist ran myself out of breath to get up wi' ye."

Charlton made a suitable reply to the compliment, and after stopping a few seconds to draw his breath, and to allow his fair companion to draw hers, they proceeded on together. Lightly she stepped from one rush hillock to another; while he, oftener missing than hitting the now almost invisible mark, splashed himself in the intermediate mire.

"The Lord save us," said the girl, looking down on his feet, as Othello did on Iago's, though not for the same reason; "where hae ye been wi' such shoes and stockings, and the first of July too?"

"Seeking for rest, and finding none," replied Charlton; "and where have you

been yourself, my pretty maid, so fine in ribbons and flowers, like a morning in May?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell ye no lies," replied the sprightly damsel; "but may be just like yourself, seeking what I did na find. But I was down in the glen yonder, since you maun hae it, to hae a bit crack wi a. . . . nighbour's son like, when faythcr and aw the rest o' them wure set in the gither drowning their orange lilies. Troth a wus na far from them, and had a wearisome seat o'it too; for Tam Jenkins who kens better than many, thit glasses goes before lasses, was sair to seek, and ill to find; and as I was sitting behind the holly-bush waiting for the doless body's forthcoming, wha should cross my thoughts but the wee folks—for the glen is a *gentle* place; and the faires ye ken, come aye there the summer's nights, and dance till morning, they say, on the green grass, to the sound o' the running water. And so

aff a set down the burn, leaving Tam when he came from his cups, to brave them, an he liked it."

"Was it wise of you, think you," inquired Charlton, "to seek your friend Tom alone, and by night too at the holly-bush? Young men are sometimes more dangerous to young women, even than the fairies themselves."

"Oh! never trouble yoursel about that," said the damsel; "a know well enough how to take care o' mysel, and wi' God's assistance, a fear neither Tam nor yoursel. Tam likes the wee drap it may be ower much, but he's as honest as steel for aw that; and I am sure a saft spoken geenteel like you, would be ashamed to do a poor country lassie, like me, ony harm."

"I hope I should be ashamed of it," said our youth; "and moreover, pretty as you are, this," thought he, "must be acceptable to women of all descriptions, whether they be orange or green, or of town or country—a man who may chance to be

hanged to-morrow has little leisure, or indeed inclination, to think much either of love or lasses."

"Hanged!" repeated the poor girl aghast. "O! aye, aye, ye are a ribbon-man a judge, and ye are fleeing frae the great fight at Ballinahinch. I conceive! I conceive!"

"Conception," ejaculated our youth with Hamlet, "is a blessing, but not as you conceive it! However, it is do or die," as poor Cowper said; "I must seek for shelter somewhere, and orange though you be, you are a woman, and you are young; and in God's name, I will make trial of your humanity."

He made trial accordingly, and his confidence was not misplaced. His, I cannot altogether say fair, but his orange auditress hearkened with sincere sympathy to his brief story, and entered with zeal into his interests; a zeal, we may presume, not the less for his being well-looking and young.

His appearance and manner indeed seemed to have taken strong hold of her imagination, and she frequently recurred to them.

"Such a lady-like youth as you," repeated she, "to sodger about wi' gun and bagganut, and to fight and kill men! Wha would ever ha thought o' such a thing?"

"My dear!" might Charlton with Candide well have replied, "when a man is driven desperate, he no longer knows himself;" and possibly this was in substance what he did reply.

The girl appeared still to pursue the same train of thought; for, after a long pause, with a sudden start she exclaimed, "Seeing ye luck so like a lady, what's to hinder ye from passing for one?"

"My dress," replied he almost laughing; "my dress and my chin. Ladies, you know, have smooth faces, and do not wear such shoes and stockings as these."

"Troth, and your ain face (for a man

like) is one of the smoothest, and 'gin there be a lang hair or two, we can easily clip them wi' a pair o' shears. Then for the claithes," continued the friendly girl, "I canna maybe dress you like a lady, as to be sure in aw justice you ought; but a can dress ye like a woman, and they are na mair (God help us) when aw comes to aw."

"I am sure," half said and half thought our youth, "I wish I was neither more nor less myself; and I would to God that with the petticoats, I could, for a season at least, put on the sex too. Half of me I think is changed already," continued he, starting at the sight of a stunted tree, and then smiling, or rather endeavouring to smile, at his own weakness; "for like Daphne stiffening into laurel, I feel the metamorphose proceeding, and my heart is all woman already."

By this time they had arrived at the girl's habitation. It seemed in other respects a common one; but it was larger

than in such a situation Charlton would have expected. His conductress showed him into the cow-house or stable (in Ireland they are, I believe, generally synonymous terms), and placing him in a corner, bid him wait there till she should return.

"I hae only to get the duds thegither," said she, "and then I will come to you the minute that the coast's clear."

Apparently it was long of clearing, and our hero remained all the while in a state of very unenviable suspense. To add to his embarrassment, a servant or labourer came into the stable, and began to occupy himself about the cattle; which, horses, cows, pigs, and sheep, were huddled together as closely as in Noah's ark, and lived in as great seeming tranquillity. He pulled down hay, and shared it among them; and as he bustled about from horse to cow, and from sheep to pig, our youth expected at every turn and half turn he made to be discovered.

This was on the very point of happen-

ing; the man had his hand on the bundle of hay behind which, coiled up into the least possible space, he lay, when happily his fair protectress, now no longer orange (for she had carefully laid her finery aside) made her appearance with the millinery apparatus in her hand; and the shrill cry which she gave, made the clown start affrighted back.

"What for, Darby," inquired she, "are ye feeding the cows afore they are milked?"

"Afore they are milked?" repeated the astonished Darby. "Why don't a feed them half the year round, at ony rate, afore they are milked?"

"No, you don't, you gomoral ye,*" replied his young mistress, determined, according to the usual manner of public speakers, to bear down contradiction by hardihood of assertion; "such a thing has na, I am sure, happened twice since ye came to the house."

"By Jebus," a kind of northern Irish

oath, where by the substitution of a letter impiety is intended to be avoided, " by Jebus," said the literal Darby, who had not penetrated beyond the scene, " Miss Matty, your head maun be in a creel this evening. Such a thing has na happened twice since ye came to the house, quo' she! Why, by the holy crook o' Saint Patrick ——"

" I want na to hear o' Saint Patrick, nor his crook neither, ye papish fool ye," interrupted the young lady. " Gang your ways a tell ye, and see after my feyther—honest man! he's apt to take a drap owr much on such an occasion as this, and aye needs some carefu' person to luck after him."

" Diel be in my feet then," said Darby stoutly, " if a luck after him, or gang sae much as a toe's length after the drunken orange body; may be to get a kick or a cuff for being a papish, as they ca' me, though I'll maintain it I'm only a Roman; and mair than that, be made drink the

glourous memory besides. I'm sure it's been a sore glourous memory to us and ours, this many hunder years!"

"Well, Darby," said the young lady with great nonchalance, "move your foot out o' this byre (cow-house) at ony rate; gang to your horses; they are aw, except the twa lame ones there, garravashing through the fields yonder; and leave me to my cows."

Darby, thus peremptorily ordered, made his exit accordingly, and our hero replaced him on the scene.

"I warrant ye wondered what kept me sae long," said Miss Matty kindly; "and may be ye wure a little frightened too."

"I did wonder," said Charlton, "and was as you say a *little* frightened too; "but now that you are with me, I am frightened no longer."

"I could get no sooner," rejoined the damsel, "an' my feyther's life had depended on it; there was the sowin pot boiling all over, and it behooved me to luck

to it a little, jist to avoid suspicion like; and then—for it's aw ways the mair haste the worst speed, a think—I searched and searched for the key o' my chist, and aw the time, like the noddy who sought the house over for the candle, and it were lighted in his hand; and aw the time a say, it was sticking in the chist where a had left it afore dinner. But here's the claithes at any rate, and God's sake dress ye quickly."

"I must first undress me," said Charlton.

"Aye, strip ye fast, fast; as though your germents were blazing like the heather on fire, or like the poisoned shurt thit the lady in the story-book sent as a present to her lover;—there aff wi' your coat and waistcoat, and take that silk handkerchief from about your neck, it will do for your showlders by and bye; and cast down that great big black hat, and throw off these dirty shoes and stockings. Here's a pair o' nice clean thread one's o' my own, and

my best new shoes not more than a dozen of times worn."

Our youth, directed by his fair *fille de chambre,* undressed himself exactly in the order she had prescribed; and aided by so zealous and active an attendant, was soon arrayed in her yellow calamanco petticoat (green was then a forbidden colour) and flowered cotton gown.

"And now for the shoes and stockings," said the gleesome girl.

"Aye, if they fit," replied Charlton.

"Never fear," said the handmaiden, who on her knees was busily employed in tugging at his own miry ones; "I hae a brave broad foot o' my own."

This our youth found was literally true, and as he slid his foot into shoe and stocking, he blessed his kind stars that had not made his countrywoman's limbs of Parisian taperness.

"Comb back your yellow-hair, my bonny fair maid," said the hand-maiden, adjusting the cap which was the last process in

the metamorphosis, and gazing on her work almost with as much admiration as Pygmalion did on his statue; "comb back your yellow-hair, and come wi' me into the house; and luck and grace come wi' you, for troth and feth a din na think a bonnier lass ever stepped owr the threshold."

This compliment called for a salute, which the youth, little though he was disposed to the kissing mood, gave with a tolerable good grace, and the nymph nothing loath received.

She led him into the kitchen, where an old servant woman sat spinning, and singing by the fire.

"A song wun na serve us for supper Molly," said Miss Matty, after she had comfortably seated our hero; I should perhaps here say heroine, on the opposite side. "Quit your chirming, woman, and set out the table, while I see after the plates and dishes."

As expeditiously as Charlton himself had been, the table was now dressed, and bread

(oaten bread), butter, cheese, and cream were placed upon it.

We are, happily perhaps, so formed, that in the act of gratifying our urgent animal wants, the future and the past become in a great measure concentrated in the present; and in the enjoyment of his rich and prolonged repast, Charlton forgot, or at least thought less anxiously, on the forlorness of his condition, and the dangers to which he was exposed.

The most prolonged repast, however, as the most prolonged life, must have an end; and it became now a question, an embarrassing one, for consideration, where the guest should sleep. There was no spare bed in the house, except in the room occupied by the father; and as he was a widower, though an ancient one, it did not seem seemly to place a young damsel there.

The only remaining alternative for our youth, was to lie (sleep if he could) either with the old woman, or the young one.

He felt more confused at the dilemma, than did the fair maiden herself.

"Well," said she, "there sits Molly, and here sit I. Which is it to be?"

The two originals thus set before him to choose from, were as little resembling as the two portraits placed by Hamlet before his mother, and Charlton, in all due courtesy, could only choose the latter; though perhaps the prudenter plan for him would have been to have out-gone a little the above-mentioned queen, and at once to have chosen them both. The nymph, however, like our mother Eve, was in her own self confiding, and he trusted at least enough to his forbearance and discretion.

"God forbid, poor creature," thought he, "that in return for so much kindness, I should do you wrong."

Whether this would have been altogether so; or whether their virtue and discretion combined, would have been (like the sword of the Genii in the nuptial-bed of the princess Badroulboudour and the

Vizier's son) an impassable barrier, we have no means of ascertaining; for as they were preparing to betake themselves to their homely couch, men's voices were heard in the apartment they had a few minutes before quitted.

"Its my feyther," said the nymph; "and as ill luck would hae it, he has brought home company wi' him."

"Come down, come down, Miss Matty," said the old serving-woman, hobbling into the room; "here's the master come haim, and brought Sandy Sinclair, and Tam Jenkins wi' him; they are rampaging about the house, and ca'ing for whuskey, warm water and shuggar, as though they had na tasted bite nor sup the leeve-long day; and I am sure they hae aw three as much in them, as they can wee'el carry."

Miss Matty, making a sign to our youth to keep himself quiet, and remain where he was, followed the old woman into the kitchen, on which their bed-room opened. They were only separated by a crazy wooden par-

tition, through which the youth and maiden, had they been so inclined, might have communed much more readily than Pyramus and Thisbe did through their wall.

Charlton had a full view of the joyous party, and hearkened with deep interest to their conversation; for they were, he found, principal actors in the scene he had a few hours before left behind.

By what he could learn, his unfortunate friend, after a short delay, had been taken to the little town of Drumma, which, as he gathered from their conversation, was the one he had himself looked down upon; and probably the sound of voices which ascended to him where he stood, was the uproar of the assembled multitude at the poor creature's approach.

The Orangemen outside expressed much commiseration for him; and it seemed, that but for some superior interference, they were almost all disposed to have let him go.

"Diel tak that Dennis O'Rafferty," said

the good man of the house; "he's too greedy o' blood—but set a beggar on horseback ye ken; and aw these kiln-dried protestants (protestants of assent, and not of descent; *novi homines;* new converts) ride on the very rigging o' church and state, for fear a suppose, they should na be thought a the gither sincere in their love o' it."

The conversation on the whole gave Charlton considerable satisfaction, for it showed him that whether drunken or sober, the party outside, as well as the class to which they belonged, were not so destitute of humanity as he had feared.

"The Devil," thought he, "is said to be painted blacker than he really is; and Orange, after all, is not the next colour to blood. I shall, if needs must be, appear before this Orange Sanhedrin, with some glimmering of hope."

Before them he was indeed shortly obliged to appear; for as he sat demure in his corner, he caught the attention of the hospitable entertainer, in one of his fre-

quent journeyings to and fro, in search of whiskey, sugar, and other necessary matters for the comfort of his guests.

"Wha hae ye got yonder Matty?" said he to his daughter on his return. "Is it lad or lassie?"

"A lassie to be sure," replied the ready maiden, "a concern mysel little wi' lads a trow!"

"And what for does na the bairn come down here, and na be keeping up yonder, alone by hersel, like a ghost!"

"Drunken folks," said the daughter smartly, and glancing her eye at her friend Tom Jenkins, "are no fit companions for bairns; particularly if they happen to be bonny lasses."

"Hout ye gowk ye," said her father, din na ye think thit sensible folks like us here, have other matters to mind in sic times as these, when the earth's aw in combustion, as a may say, and full o' the wonders o' the Lord, from the rising to the setting

o' the sun; din na ye think a say, we hae other matters to trouble our heads about, than about lassies, whether they be bonny or plain. Come up, come up, my pretty fair maid!"

"Ay, come up, come up, my pretty fair maid," said, or rather sang the ready damsel, skipping down to our youth, "to help us wi' our—a can na say our dancing, but wi' our drinking. Be blythe lad," whispered she, as she took him by the arm to usher him up to the good company; "be blythe and keep a shut mouth, and ne'er a one o' these drunken gowks will care, or ken whether ye be man or woman. So come along, and din na for fun's sake forget your maiden's gait; you'll ne'er hae a better opportunity o' practising it."

"What must be, must be," said our hero, taking his lively companion's arm, and mincing as well as he could in his gait. "I must imitate the woman of quality, I see, and luckily, as well as Monsieur De

Pourceaugnac, *J'ai vu les personnes de bel air*. All that vexes me is, that I have, like him, a little beard."

"Hout tout," said his lively companion, "what signifies a few hairs more or less on the chin either of man or woman. And now for it," continued the rustic coquette, making her entrance to the same tune and time with which she had made her exit. "Here we've got the flowers of May, the flowers of May to help us wi' .... hem.... to help us wi' our dancing. So haud ye off gentles, and din na harm the bonny primrose, a brought frae the burn side, either by gleeking or glowring."

"Diel's in the tawpey," said the good man of the house; "the mishanter a think is come ower her wi' her May flowers, and primroses, and burn sides. Whether it be her twirling and twisting about, or the drap drink in my head, but aw things round me are dancing too, and a din na

ken the cat from the kettle, as the saying is."

"But primrose or daisy," said Sandy Sinclair, who not being the young lady's father, thought himself called on to show her and her friend a little politeness; "primrose or daisy, here's wushing your health, my bonny lass, and a good husband, and soon."

"And many o' them," added Tam Jenkins, with a loud laugh at his own wit.

"The bride thanks you genteels," replied Miss Matty, answering for her silent friend; "as for you, ye gander," this was addressed in a low voice to the facetious Mr. Jenkins, "wha ever has had you for a husband, will hae had enough o' metrimoney, to serve her aw the rest o' her days."

"Well but the lassie is no a bride a presume," said the good man of the house, "and so she stands in need neither o' bride's-man, nor bride's-maid to answer for

her. So tak a drap whiskey, my bonny maiden, and the mishanter be in me, an your tongue in sma' space, dinna rin a race like my Matty's there."

It seems as much, or more the nature of disguise to betray itself by over-caution, as by carelessness; and the nicety with which our youth, in spite of the nods and winks of his sage preceptress, refused to taste even the liquor which was proffered to him excited the attention of the worthy triumvirate infinitely more, than if he had swallowed the bumper (*gula lata*) as they did themselves.

"Eh, lassie!" said the master of the revels, "whar do ye come from, that canna sae much as taste the native!"

"Aye, lassie," repeated Mr. Jenkins, echoing his embryo father-in-law; "whar indeed do ye come from, that can neither open your mouth to speak or to swallow, nor so much as lift up your head!"

He did lift it up, thus called upon—but

instantly threw it down again; for he saw this was one of the two orangemen whom he had addressed from the rock; and who, there was too much reason to fear, might recognise him (though not so readily perhaps, dressed as he now was for a different character) as he had been recognised. His fair coadjutrix, however, was at hand to cover the confusion, which she could not altogether conceal.

"Aye, whar hae ye lived, lassie," said she, taking the glass from his hand, and flourishing it about her own head; "not in our part o' the north surely, or ye would na hang down your head for any thing that haverel Tam Jenkins would say to ye, or be so mealy-mouthed about a drap of whiskey. See these genteels there, they hae na been sparing it since mid-sun at onyrate, and yit they are ay craving for mair; and see me too," putting the glass to her lips, and singing a verse or two from a song, a great favourite in Ireland with all parties,

as well indeed it may be, for it is perhaps on the only subject on which all parties are agreed.

Let farmers praise their grounds,
And sportsmen praise their hounds,
And shepherds their dew-scented lawns;
But we more blythe than they,
Spend each happy night and day
O'er our smiling little Cruskeen lawn.

Let doctors praise their health,
And misers praise their wealth;
Repent! cries the prelate in lawn:
But if the whole were hang'd,
We'll not part while we can stand,
From our smiling little Cruskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim the new dawn;
Since here we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To take another Cruskeen lawn.

The lure thus artfully thrown out, was eagerly caught at, and a sang, a sang was loudly called for by the whole company;

Tom Jenkins calling the loudest, possibly to make amends, by this complaisance, for his late breach of assignation.

"Never stir," whispered the lively songstress, "if a dinna lead them aw through Sir James the Ross, or the Yarmouth tragedy; and if they dinna set them asleeping, drugs wunna do it;" but as she was clearing her voice for the latter most lamentable ditty, her father called for a song more suitable to the day, and she was obliged (to speak in her own language) to lead them aw through the Boyne water, as the battle of the Boyne is generally termed here.

We have already given a couple of stanzas, and shall now give two more from this interminable song, which (as was said of a great almost contemporary production) is a gazette in rhyme; and when the effects it has wrought, and probably is still working in Ireland, are considered, we may well call it a GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

We form'd our bodies at the ford,
And down the hill did swatter,
And each man grasp'd his fellow close,
As we march'd o'er the water;
But Oh! my stars! had you been there,
When we their trench came under;
Sulphur and smoke darken'd the air,
And the elements did thunder.

King William then did first advance,
Where bullets sharp did rattle;
Inniskillen men bore noble hands,
And soon renew'd the battle;
For lion-like they made them roar,
Like chaff they made them scatter;
King William press'd his way through blood,
That day at the Boyne water.

A native, as I myself am, of the North of Ireland, I feel myself almost compelled to insert the concluding verse, for the further mention it makes of the gallant regiment which distinguished itself so much on that occasion, as it has distinguished itself on so many occasions since.

Had Inniskillen men got leave that day,
When they their foes defeated,

For to pursue their victory,
Which in honour they had gained;
Ten thousand broganiers and more,
They ne'er had bred much cumber,
Nor would King James's men have risen to the
head again,
By the third part of the number.

The Boyne water was closely followed by another song of nearly a similar description and period; and these two making the entire stock of what, in Ireland, are called loyal songs (for any reference to transactions of an earlier date would be reckoned catholic, and consequently the very Antipodes of loyalty), they were obliged to eke out their scanty collection, with "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King;" and amidst the uproar of this drunken (worse than even Dutch concert) our youth was forgotten.

Seizing the lucky moment, he stepped to the door with his confidant.

"Let me go this instant," said he, "when their brains are still unsettled

with drink; that terrible fellow with the staring eyes, has, I am sure, discovered me."

"What he wi' the blue coat and waistcoat!—blue and aw blue as they ca' it. Why that's Tam Jenkins himself, man. He is no' thit ill a chap, though whiles a love to plague him a bit, and would na, I am sure, harm man or maid, if he met them in his brochen dish"—oat-meal porridge, more commonly called stirrabout, "in his brochen dish, as the saying is."

"That is no safeguard for me," said Charlton; "for in this dress, you know, I am neither the one nor the other; neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, to give you back saying for saying. So hide me in some place, I pray you, out of the house; for I tell you he saw me in the glen, and I am sure he knows me."

"Diel ha' me," said the wise virgin, whose lamp of ready wit was always burning;

"diel hae me, gin he knows himsel at this moment; and even though he did, he would na harm ye; gin he did, he need never luck me between the two eyes afterwards, that a can tell him. But it's ill reasoning a see wi' frightened, and frantic folks, so I'll just gar the old wife thits dosing o'er the coals yonder, to see ye to her daughters, up the bray a bit, whar—Molly's a papish, ye ken—wha ne'er an orangeman, nor an orange lass," continued she, smiling, "will come to trouble ye; and God send ye a sound sleep and a safe wakening!"

Accompanied by the old woman, he proceeded to the place of his destination, which was a small cabin, about half a mile higher up on the mountain; and where, by the aid of some blankets carried by his companion (he himself lending a hand) a not uncomfortable bed (at least for one who had lain so many nights upon the bare ground) was prepared for him.

The prayer of his beneficent protectress,

with the blessing promised to righteousness, of which beneficence is a part, seemed to have availed him—for in spite of doubt and danger, he slept till it was far in the following day.

CHAP. II.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

CHARLTON, on his awakening, found a comfortable breakfast, which his benefactress, as she might well be called, had sent him; and scarcely had he finished it, when she came up herself.

He took her by the hand, and respectfully kissed it; for her persevering kindness, now that he had leisure to reflect on it, made him regard her in a higher light than he had hitherto done.

"Come, come," said she, "no tears nor tragedy rants; a can na stand them, a tell ye; they aye make me cry too, and then I'm good for nothing; so keep a good heart, and I dinna despair to bear you through aw danger and difficulty, though the night (it's aye night to them that are in trouble) wur ten times darker than it is. Tam Jenkins is gone to Drumma on a wee bit business, but when e'er. . . ."

"To Drumma," interrupted Charlton, as he thought on his poor friend the printer, and recollected that that was the place where he had been hurried; "then my last sheet is working off too. He's gone to inform against me!"

"He's gone on no such an errand," said the lass stoutly; "'deed isn't he! He'll no be the first o' his name to turn informer, and disgrace both kin and kind. He's no that ill a one, as a towld you yesterday evening—and beside he dare na dear, he dare na, for life or limb," concluded the fair one, re-

lying on woman's power over man, when he happens to be in love.

But our youth, though he had put on woman's garb, had not altogether the feelings of one; and he not unnaturally feared that the potency of female charm would not weigh altogether so heavy with an Irish orangeman, as it had done with our father Adam. He proposed therefore instantly to depart; and when his fair friend found him resolved to go, she apparently consented, but on the express condition that he would wait until she should send the faithful Darby to be his guide, and send also a dog as faithful and trust-worthy as he.

"Wilful people had need to be wise," said she, as slowly she rose to go; "but to my mind it's a mere tempting o' Providence. But poor Darby 's honest, at any rate; like yoursel, he 's greedy o' the green, and loves orange—though he has lived three quarters wi' us, come Michaelmas—as the diel they say loves holy water."

A long time elapsed, and neither dog nor Darby made his appearance. Fear—I represent my hero as he is—came back to his heart, and with it, which it surely should not have done, came distrust of his orange protectress, as he recalled to his recollection the numerous Dalilahs and Helens, who had beguiled and ensnared their Sampsons and Menelauses, and other guess men of war than himself.

" But no," exclaimed he, as he paced the uneven floor; "her look, her voice, her manner, bespoke sincerity; and neither for shekels of silver or gold—she would get neither by betraying me—would she, I think, deceive me."

Though this was spoken aloud, it was spoken to himself; for the lady of the mountain-side, though not averse, as it may be supposed, to a little conversation, was no companion for him; for—an excellent thing at times in a woman, as well as speaking soft—she had but one tongue in her head, and that was an Irish one.

As in this state of agitation, he traversed the little hut, and like the poor thief at the Greve, often took leave, but was still loath to depart; he heard the sound of voices, and instantly the latch was raised, and he beheld enter his fair friend, not accompanied by the faithful Darby, but by the redoubtable Tom Jenkins himself.

"Oh treachery!" exclaimed he, in the first moment of his surprise.

"No, no," replied the maiden, "no treachery; and I am grieved you should hae said such a word, though I am sure it ne'er came from your heart. Tam's no informer; if he wur, he might gang whistle for a bride for me."

"No, my lad, or lassie—the diel tak me an' I know which to ca' ye—I am none," said Tom, "and Christ forbid I should ever become one, or hurt or harm a poor body that's only seeking his safety; and one too who sung the same sang, and drank out of the same cup wi' mysel."

Honest Tom's recollection of the pre-

ceding evening, as may well be supposed, was rather a confused one; and as many things passed which he neither saw nor heard, so he saw and heard (by a kind of poetical privilege attached to drunkenness) many things which had never passed. However it was not our youth's place to contradict him; and like Macbeth's witches, paltring with the word in a double sense, he replied; "It is an evil cup in which there is no good intermingled, and I bless God which last night set before me so kindly a one!"

"And will this night, and the morrow night too," said the worthy orangeman; "or ne'er believe a word that comes out o' Tam Jenkins's mouth. We'el away to an uncle o' my mother's that lives beyond the mountains, far awa' from all these doings; and there ye may live in comfort, like a cow in clover, for deil a one would seek a croppy (we wur ay a loyal family, be blissed for it) in a loyal man's house."

"Then let us set off immediately," said

Charlton; "we are here almost at the fountain head of danger, and the sooner we get to a distance the better."

"Na, na, na," replied honest Tom, "leave me to manage it. It's oftentimes the mair haste, the worst speed; the roads are aw crowded the now, and in a day or two, they'll, may be, be quiet. And besides," continued he in an under voice, and with what was intended to be a sly wink, "I manna be hurried in my courting. I hae been nigling at it, I wunna say years like Jacob, or like the destruction of Troy that one reads about in the story book—but many a lang and weary month; and to tell God's truth, hae made little progress till within these last four hours."

The fair object of his courtship smiled, but there was a tear in her eye at variance with the smile.

"Be kind and carefu' o' this poor youth, who has none o' his own to be carefu' o' him," said the generous girl; "and you'll, may be, make greater progress still." But

the sigh with which she said this, showed that her affections did not that way tend, and that the progress which she promised was not love, but sacrifice!

The day or two which the lover took for courtship, and to let the roads become quiet, passed away not unpleasantly with our youth; refreshed by food, repose, and above all, by the unceasing attentions of his devoted attendant, hope began to spring up in his breast; and having so long contemplated his fortunes on the dark side, he now turned to their fairer one.

"I escaped from a bloody battle," said or thought he, "where hundreds perished; I swam a deep river where two of my companions were drowned; I climbed a steep precipice from which my friend fell headlong;—and in the orange-tree which I most dreaded," continued he, in allusion to a fairy tale of his youth, "I met with a beloved bee, whose kindness to me has been wonderful, passing the kindness of women! Fortune surely cannot be playing a game

with me, and would never have thus raised me, if she intended to cast me down again!"

The morning of his departure at length came, and, with his clothes neatly put on, and newly washed, he had all the look of a girl, and of a comely one too. But his afflicted attendant no longer gazed with pleasure on her work, but was frequently obliged to stop, and to turn away.

"A dressed ye the first in woman's apparel," said the sorrowing girl, as slowly she finished her task; "a dressed ye the first, and (for ye ken now how to do it yoursel) promise me, I pray ye, that I dress ye the last. It's a folly—and a sin—and a shame, in such a world as we live in—and a wearisome world I am sure a ha found it—to be crying and troubling ye, who ha trouble enough o' your own, about such nonsense—but somehow a think it will be a comfort to me."

Her tears were now fast flowing, and spite of his manhood, our youth could not help mingling his with hers.

"I do promise you, kind and generous girl," said he, when he was able to speak; "and promise you never to forget you; the world (a wearisome world, I too have found it) gives and takes away; but one thing it cannot take from you, and that is a tender and feeling heart."

"I am sure it's a sorrowful heart, and a sore heart," sobbed the poor girl; "and a proud heart too that bends this way, and wunna break—and a don't know what for it swells in such a manner in grief, for what I should be thanking the Almighty on my knees for. And on my knees (and the poor girl dropped down on them) I do thank him, and pray him to watch over ye, and to shadow ye wi' his wings! And ough, ough when you are in safety, and soon and sudden may ye be so—and when you are among the genteels, and among them it is your place to be—and among the maidens o' high birth, that's aw arrayed like the lilies o' the field, in their white

garments, and silken vestments—and when ye are standing up wi' one o' them at the altar, as right it is you should, dinna altogether forget the poor lassie, who when she lays her head on the cauld ground, for very shame o' speaking so freely, would na much care if she were never to raise it up again!"

"I will never forget you, never, never," replied Charlton; "and may God Almighty be good to you in your hour of need, as you were good to me in mine!"

Thus saying, as fast as he could he hurried away; for, beside that he was almost overcome by this mountain maiden's simple sorrow, he thought he perceived a gathering gloom in the lover's eye at such not equivocal proofs of regard.

This was a state of feeling by all means to be deprecated; for if, as was remarked by Gil Blas in speaking of Maitre Joachim, who, as well as himself, loved the fair Antonia, it was dangerous to have a cook

for a rival; it seemed at least not less so, to have an Irish loyalist of that loyal day regard the rebel in his power as one.

With some uneasiness, therefore, our youth seated himself on his pillion; but as gently they ambled down the mountain side, whatever the fore rider might have felt of discontent passed away, and he became friendly and communicative, apparently as ever.

Amidst multifarious questions, many of which he kindly answered himself, he asked our youth what he meant to do with himself, when these times should be over.

"To go instantly to America, if I be spared so long," replied Charlton; "there is no safety for me here."

"And thits true too," said the other, probably not sorry that not only mountains should rise, but waves should roll, between him and the fair one they were leaving behind.

Charlton's heart melted within him, as he thought on the tenderness of this poor

maiden, who seemed the only one whom the desolation of the time had left to care about him.

> "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
> I met thee in an luckless hour,"

repeated he sorrowfully; "but why should I marvel," continued he, as his thoughts turned to a dearer and more exalted maiden; "why should I marvel that trouble, which comes to all, should come to you— or that the storm which spared not the garden rose, should shake the mountain daisy!"

Towards noon they stopped at a little town, which, to Charlton's eye, seemed the same he had had a glimpse of the evening of his escape from the glen; of consequence it was the one where the unfortunate Cowper had been taken. The road which they had pursued was much about, compared with the mountain path which he had then taken; which explained to him the reason of his being so long in arriving at it.

Mr. Jenkins went to look after their horse, and he was shown into a room which looked on the street. It was crowded, but the people were not stationary as at a fair or market, but seemed all moving forward; a great number of them were in uniform. His presaging heart, in a great measure, told him the cause of this assemblage, before his bustling companion (who bounced into the room full fraught with the intelligence) could announce it to him.

"Oh man, dear," exclaimed he, "but we hae tarried to poor purpose; and for fear o' the fire, hae ran ram stam, as the saying is, into the flough—fen, or marsh, as has already been explained. "See'd ye ever such crowding, and aw to witness the last struggles o' a poor fellow creature; for he's thit after aw, wur he aw the united Irishmen joined thegither in a lump."

As speedily as possible the horse was brought to the door, which they instantly mounted and rode away.

"For God's sake," said Charlton, "make

what speed you can, and let us get out of the way of this horrid scene."

But the crowd was now so great—though possibly not so much so, as in ordinary times, is usual on such an occasion—as to make speed impossible; and they had got but a very short way out of the town, when Charlton, on looking back—which he was perpetually doing—saw the dire procession at no great distance behind him. It came nearer, and in the corpse-like figure —pale even as the death so near at hand could make it—of him who was its object, he saw with inexpressible sorrow that his worst fears were realized, and that it was his unfortunate friend Cowper! He could not speak, but he uttered some inarticulate sounds.

"Christ!" whispered his companion, "what are ye muttering and groaning about? Not a word, not a breath o' your mouth, an you value my life, or your own. Boys a say," raising his voice and addressing himself to the crowd "make a

bit room, will ye, and let this young woman pass; she's sore taken as ye may see, and canna stand such a sight as this."

"She may sit it then," replied one of them, making a little room however.

"What did she come here for?" inquired another of the crowd.

"She did not come," said her champion; "she was carried. We hurried on to get out o' the way, and diel hae me an we hanna got into the very thick o' it, a see, for yonder stands the gallows; and an ye be na carefu' (this was addressed in a whisper to his hind rider) we'll find it ill enough winning by it, mair ways, maybe, than one."

It was indeed the fated gallows, as Charlton might well regard it, he was now almost opposite to, and which thus unaccountably lay on the road he was obliged to take. It was a little way within an adjacent field, and seemed no temporary structure; for it consisted of two massy

stone pillars, and a transverse stick or beam.

A strong guard of soldiers formed a circle round it; and so thick was the crowd here, and so great the pressure, that our youth, spite of the efforts of the zealous Jenkins, who kicked, cursed, whipped, and spurred, found it impossible to advance, or even to retreat, almost a single step.

Thus by a crueller refinement of fortune than that which, in ancient times, bound a living body to a dead one, he was obliged to be the spectator, worse even, to try to seem the unconcerned spectator, of an unfortunate companion's last agonies.

The wretched man, pale, as we have said, as a corpse, and with the expression of unutterable misery, he was so soon about to lose, was obliged to be supported, as mechanically, and apparently unconscious, he joined in the prayers of those who surrounded him.

When he prepared to mount, or rather

when they were preparing to mount him on the fatal ladder, he surveyed the crowd with an awakened look, as if recollection, just as it was about to take leave of him for ever, had returned like the demon to the *Santon Barsisa*, to torture him the more. Whether struck by the air and appearance of our youth, by the vainly attempted to be suppressed emotion, the heaving shoulder, and hung down head; or from that disposition often remarked in persons in his unhappy situation, to protract a little the fate which they cannot shun, he called out in a voice hollow as if it came from the tomb; "Is there any one of you, good people here present, who know me or mine, and would bear them my last farewell?"

No one answered; and Charlton made a movement as if preparing to speak.

"Whist, whist, for the Lord's sake!" whispered his terrified companion; "if ye speak ye'll betray all."

"Is there no one," repeated the wretched

Cowper, " of all this great crowd, who will come near me in charity, and hearken to my last words?"

" Yes, yes," exclaimed our hero, borne away by the same irresistible impulse as on a former occasion; " I will come near you! I will hearken to them!"

All eyes were now turned on the maiden, and a passage was instantly cleared for her, by order of those who had the superintendence of the execution.

" Ruined past redemption," muttered the afflicted Jenkins; " but the gallows was his fate, a see, and how could he then get o'er it?"

The trembling maiden, as nobody doubted her to be, was led forward, and placed before the unhappy man. She (if I may be permitted so to speak) wore a large bonnet, and a black veil further shadowed her face. Yet even thus disguised, there was enough in her appearance to attract the attention of the poor creature before whom she was placed, unobservant as one

in his situation must be supposed to have been.

"I would speak to the young woman, if it would be allowed me, a moment by herself," said he.

This (it was a small favour) was allowed to him, and they retired a few paces to a little valley, or rather hollow, in the field; the banks of which, in some measure, sheltered them from public view.

It was a beautiful summer's day. The sun shone bright in the sky; and the shallow valley in which they stood, was thickly strewn with daisies, and other wild flowers.

"Oh! sight of beauty," exclaimed the wretched man, wringing his hands, "which I must so soon for ever leave."

Charlton attempted to utter some common-place expressions of comfort, but his own heart disclaimed them, and they died away on his lips.

"Who are you?" asked the poor creature.

"A friend," replied our hero. "Seek to know no more."

The unfortunate man grasped him by the hand, and gazed intently on his face, putting the veil aside.

"Are you Caroline Charlton," asked he; "or rather are you not Charlton himself?"

This question brought our youth to a sense of his imprudence, and he felt how injurious, how useless too, it would be to entrust such a secret to a poor agitated dying creature, hovering, as it seemed, between reason and insanity.

"I am Caroline Charlton," replied he, "come to seek after him you name; tell me if you know what has become of him?"

"I know not, I know not," said the wretched Cowper, rocking his body to and fro, and backwards and forwards. "He went upwards and upwards, till I lost sight of him; but I tumbled and tumbled, and could get no bottom I thought—and then they dragged me out of the water—and then

they shut me up in a dark hole—and then they brought me out, and bid me speak for myself. But what could I say for myself, you know; for the very hairs of my head bore witness against me—for they are turned gray you see; and one week ago, they were as black as the raven's wing. And now," continued he, speaking louder and faster, and wildly brandishing his arms about; "and now the ravens will come and croak over my dead body. And then I'll be laid in the cold ground, you know—and then I'll be a foul heap of corruption—and then the worms and the maggots, you know...."

"Oh, raise your thoughts from the earth, and the things that are below it," interrupted Charlton inexpressibly shocked, "and fix them on those that are above! The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but he whose word lasteth for ever has said, that when the earth shall wax old as a garment, and the fashion thereof shall be changed, there shall be an inheritance

eternal in the heavens for those who have loved him!"

The wretched man had fallen into a kind of reverie or stupor, and did not seem to have heeded or heard what the other had said.

"Now, tell me, our moments are but few," resumed Charlton; "what have you to say to your friends?"

"Tell them that I die. . . . die on the gallows tree. . . . as a bold. . . . brave. . . . aye, that's it, as a brave man should."

"Man, indeed, is but vanity," said our youth, as he sorrowfully surveyed the poor creature, who had so often carried him in his arms when he was an infant, and in whose company, since he was grown up, he had passed so many cheerful and happy hours; "man indeed is but vanity; his days are as a shadow that passes; but oh, how different seem the shadows at sun-rise, and at sun-set!"

The wretched man still rocked his body to and fro, and backwards and forwards.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on; and blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on;" muttered he, repeating one of the many sayings of his country-people, on the subject of death; and, as is common with misery, finding aggravation in the beauty of the day.

"They are coming," exclaimed Charlton, wringing his hand; "snatch the few fleeting moments that are left you, and recommend your soul to God!"

An instant after, the poor man was led unresisting, and almost unconscious away.

Charlton threw himself on the ground; he shut his eyes, and closed his ears, as if to shut out every sight and sound. But he could not shut out the thoughts that would intrude; he could not help shuddering as he touched the green grass, which to his terrified imagination seemed doomed soon also to cover him. "Vale, vale, vale!" ejaculated he, mechanically repeating the valedictory words of a Roman funeral;

"*nos te, ordine quo natura permiserit, cuncti sequemur!*"

After a few moments, the deep groan and general movement of the multitude, announced the dread consummation, and that the fatal ladder was turned, or taken away!

"God receive his soul in mercy!" exclaimed Charlton, starting on his feet. "It is his darling attribute! But he has not communicated it to man!"

CHAP. III.

"What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou can'st not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou alas! may'st live to suffer more.

As they receded from the fatal spot, Charlton became more composed, and better able to listen to the remonstrances of his companion on the imprudence of his conduct, which he could not indeed conceal from himself had been very great.

"Ye should consider," proceeded Mr. Jenkins, who was somewhat of an orator, being accustomed to deliver his sentiments at vestries, and other public meetings; "ye should consider that the pillion on which ye sit so snug—diel be in this saddle they hae given me, it's no pillow o' down,

a trow—on which you sit so snug and so saft, is not a sanctuary like that o' Westminster, as it used to be in the ould times, as a hae read in the story books when kings and princes used to take refuge there; or like the churches to this very day, among the papishes, where when a man is tired o' hacking and hewing, and stabbing wi' sword and stilutto, as a believe they ca' it; when aw this a say is past and gone, and the thief-takers, they ca' them there a think sheriffs (probably Mr. Jenkins meant Sbirri), and the thief-takers are at his heels, he has only to shelter himself in one o' thae churches, and diel a either law or lord, an it were the lord-lieutenant himsel, can lay hands on him. But we hae na papish law-givers here—blissed be God for it, we hae still the upper hand—and gin once ye be suspected na to be o' the feminine gender, but a croppy in a cloak and bonnet—diel tak me gin ye did na leap aff the beast, as like as two eggs to the show-people that go about with the

horses—gin once ye be suspected, a say, na to be o' the feminine gender, but a croppy in a cloak and bonnet, it's neither pillion nor side-saddle ye would ride long on, but on something else a grew like to think about."

Charlton promised to be more careful, and take better heed to himself in future.

"And to me also," said honest Tom, who scorned to affect more disinterestedness than he really felt; "near is my shurt, but nearer is my skin; and ye may believe, I think a bit about my own jeopardy, as well as yours. A would nae be hanged it's true—Christ be near us—it's a sore sight to see—but it would be a disgrace to me and mine for ever. And when it came to be towld in Gath and Askalon—ye may seek for thae words in the Bible—God how our Phillistines—they are ten times worse than the Phillistines of owld—Phill O'Flaherty, Paddy O'Shaughnessey, and the whole tribe of O's and Macs on the brae side, would glory to hear that Tam Jenkins who

was aw ways himsel, and his fore bearers afore him, a loyal man, had cast aw at his hinder end at the last, and had gone a scampering to the deevil on a hard troting horse, a porcupine saddle—my breeches are not cobweb, but they are nankeen, which is next to it—and wi' a croppy behind me on the crupper."

Honest Tom having thus given vent to his feelings, gave his tongue, comparatively speaking, a holiday; and they travelled on some miles without meeting with any thing remarkable. Parties of yeomanry occasionally met, and passed them; but to most of those Mr. Jenkins was well known; and our youth had the satisfaction to find that, better looking, or better acting his part than the young pretender in a similar predicament had done, he seemed no object of suspicion to any of them.

He played, or rather looked his part too well indeed, as the following circumstance will show. After having crossed the greater part of a wild and dreary mountain, they

stopped at a lone house to have the refreshment which his companion could never do long without; and to give their horse—which like most mountain animals was no Bucephalus, and besides, as the reader knows, carried double—the rest of which stood in so much greater need. men

Mr. Jenkins had scarcely time n their himself a little comfortable, your com- soldiers rushed into the house, d the wor- (commanding rather) liquor to to his va- brought to them. he comes

"I say, Patt," clamoured the e'll say whiskey-bottle quick, and glasses; we'll break bottle and glasses over the head, my fine fellow, and let those wir come after settle with you, if they will, for the reckoning."

Those free-spoken gentlemen belonged to a fencible regiment, notorious at that time for its cruel and disorderly conduct; and as fear is a more powerful motive than love, or even than gain, they were served without delay.

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Charlton held down his heac demanding
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put himself boldly forward. But or else
not edily cut short in his story, by your
next vous volley of oaths which was let ho
the crupp a species of artillery which sol-
Honest I ose days, were not sparing of.
his feelings, gyou, you bog-trotting rascal,
speaking, a htick that knife you are eating
some miles, every one of us, if you durst,"
remarkab of them; "who gave you leave to
ally met in your tongue, when nobody was
of thoging to you?"
our "And damn you too," replied the un-
daunted Jenkins, "you big-bellied English
hog, that does na know a friend from an
enemy. Who are ye, an ye go to that,
that dares to speak to a loyal man, and a
loyal man's son, as if he were a runaway
from Ballinahinch?"

This by no means courteous retort
might have led to a battle; for the land-

lord, who was a sergeant of yeomanry, taking down his halberd which hung in the little bar, swore he would stick it into the first man, were he English, Welsh, Scotch, or Irish, who should hurt or harm a loyal man going on his lawful business; and moreover a brother too—the two orangemen ascertaining by due communication their relationship. "And I know your commanding officer a bit," continued the worthy sergeant, joining discretion to his valour; "he ay stops here when he comes the road, and see, my boys, what he'll say to ye, thit's all."

This latter argument seemed to have the desired effect, and the soldiers turned their attention to the young woman, as they expressed themselves, in the corner.

"Who are you, my pretty maiden?" asked one of them."

"Aye, what's your name, my dear?" said another.

"The same as her father's," replied the protector stoutly.

"Hold up your head, my pretty lass," said another, chucking her under the chin; "there's money bid for you."

"A would na advise ye to be so free wi' my sister," persisted honest Tom; "she's a modest girl, and will na brook such liberties, nor no more will I."

"But ye maun brook them though, brother Patt," said the soldier mimicking his manner of speaking, which certainly was not, as the phrase is here, an Englified one; "and so maun your sly sister there too; for be she maid, widow, or wife, damn me, if I have not a kiss."

"And damn me," replied Jenkins as stoutly, and placing himself before his adopted sister, "if ye hae na a sample o' this knife first. So stand back, my freend, when ye are well."

"The Lord be praised," ejaculated the landlord, who had been looking out at the door, and now pulled his head in again; "the Lord be praised a say; there's Captain Collins o' the Cambridge, a see is a

coming; he's an orderly and discreet officer, and wunna, I am sure, permit modest lasses to be misused."

The character of this officer was well known to the rude party—the orderly and discreet officers of that period were not so numerous indeed as to much burthen the memory—and in the confusion produced by this unexpected intelligence, our hero and his companion slipped out of the house, and mounted their steed, which had been instantly brought forth to them.

"Whip, spur, and away," said the friendly landlord, as he adjusted the former on his pillion; "diel a so much as a lance corporal's coming. It was only a fetch o' my ain to save ye frae these wild beasts."

"Wild beasts o' Ephesus," repeated Jenkins, as he urged to a canter their little steed; "wild beasts and worse. Gin a had them for ain two hours on Clohanakilty mountain, I would gie, or get them such a soopling, as would cure them o' their longing after lassies, may be, as long as they lived."

"If we are but so lucky as to meet with no more of them," said Charlton!

"No fear," replied honest Jenkins, who never troubled himself about misfortune until it actually arrived, and whose courage was now fortified by strong drink; "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. Two to one if they meet us; and then it's two to one more thit they do na heed us."

It so happened that they met a few stragglers who were thus unheeding; but a third party, which consisted of five or six, was more observant.

"Bundle off," said one of those familiar gentlemen, seizing the little horse by the bridle. "I say, my hearties, bundle off, and make room for your betters."

"What for?" asked Jenkins, who, as we have seen, was permanent speaker.

"What for?" repeated the soldier; "Why to let my Peg mount, since you must have a reason. Yonder she is crippling along as if she were walking on flint

stones, and that pillion will suit her to a hair; so bundle off, I say."

The orangeman was proceeding with further remonstrances, but very unceremoniously both he and his hind rider were tumbled (bundled, as the soldier expressed it) off (the horse happily was no colossal one), and Peg, who had now come up, was seated with two children, and another soldier's wife, in their room.

"Mind, lads," called the enraged Jenkins after them, as they went laughing away, "mind this is no laughing matter, for may be ye ha not only found a horse, but a halter too. Ye ha robbed a loyal man on the king's highway, and by G.. Gough (the Lord pardon me for swearing), General Lake shall hear o' it; and an he does na right me, I'll bring it afore the county!"

"You see," said Charlton, when the poor man—who lamented his loss as loudly, if not so piteously, as Sancho did that of his faithful Dapple—had fairly clamoured him-

self silent; "you see what sort of ruffians these are. They have robbed you of your horse, and the next party that comes will most likely strip us of our clothes; and that would be the worst robbery of all, for —like the jay in the fable—I should be instantly found out to be a pretender; and as sure as ever I was, you would lose your true love; for you know she not only said but swore that she would never wed you, unless you carried me safe through."

The generous Jenkins, however, did not require the inducement of this selfish consideration to influence his determination; and aware now of the danger of the great road, he readily consented to our youth's proposition of turning into a less frequented one.

They travelled some miles over heath and mountain, and the orangeman, who, though he was young and unencumbered with petticoats, was not so active as his companion, began heavily to complain of the length of the way, and the loss of his horse.

While he was thus lamenting, they came to a kind of winding path, or rustic road, which from the improved state of cultivation of the land it led through, and from the surrounding trees, seemed to lead to some habitation.

"Well, there's luck for us after aw," said honest Tom, brightening up; "this path will surely take us, if not to a public, at least to a house of some kind or other."

"We had not such a specimen of the last house we were in," said Charlton, "as to make us very desirous of entering into another. I should rather trust to flocks and fields than to houses and men, and would prefer stopping no where till we get to your uncle's."

"We must take the wings o' the swallow then," said honest Jenkins; "for till I'm rested a bit, a could na walk there if my life and Matty's, as well as your's, depended on it. But once seated in a decent habitation, we would sit as snug and as soft as on a Turkey carpet; for I am a

loyal man, and known to be such, and you are a sonsey-looking lass; and nobody harms a woman in these parts, except thae English or Welsh cormorants, who lay hands on horse and hind-rider, as they would on cheese and onions. Talk o' the deevil and he'll appear," resumed he a moment afterwards; "tak heed to yoursel, Mr. Charlton, for there's two o' them down yonder, close to the burn side."

Charlton observed them likewise, but before he could reply, he saw them assail two females, whom the trees and inequalities of the road had hitherto concealed from their view, and who by their garb appeared to be ladies.

The worthy orangeman smarting from the loss of his horse, of which his present fatigue made him more sensible, and thirsting for revenge, here exclaimed, "Diel hae me, an they're no at the owld work again; and it's no mock women they hae got to deal wi' at this time, but real ladies, a judge, by their white gowns and

silken bonnets. But there's jist two to two, and I'll spoil your sport ye thieves o' the world, an this bit stick does na sore fail me," continued he, brandishing his whip, and running fast downwards.

Charlton followed him, but with all his speed he did not arrive at the scene of action, until one of the assailants was fairly put *hors du combat.*

The lady he had attacked was thus far a mock one, that she was of the Thalestris breed, and fully competent to her own defence. Her opponent, indeed, in consequence of his day's potations—it was a perfect Saturnalia with the soldiers at that period—was not over and above steady; and as he stood balancing on the bank, she had, with the exertion but of a small part of her strength, sent him backwards into the brook, where he lay long enough to cool his fit of love, if not of drunkenness.

The other lady was younger and gentler; and her weapons, which were tears and screams, were therefore merely female ones.

In aid of these, in the present instance so unavailing, came the orange Hercules, who laid his massy whip with such heart and good-will across the gallant's shoulders, as made him utter a loud yell, and turn round to see from what heavy hand the unwelcome salute had proceeded. Before he had time to resolve the knotty question, or to draw his bayonet, which he seemed preparing to do, he was struck down by the sturdy Jenkins; and our youth, who was now come up, had only the pleasanter business—the one likewise more suitable to his appearance—of attending to the ladies.

Strange as was the manner of their meeting, they were neither of them strangers to him; for as, with mingled delight and dismay, he glanced his eye from the one to the other, he discovered in the older, who had been so valorous a champion in the defence (little as it was worth defending) of her virtue, the redoubtable Miss O'Regan; while in the younger and fairer, to whom his friend Jenkins had proved so

welcome and well-timed an auxiliary, he recognised the lovely object of his regard, the sweet Eglantine of his soul's fancy!

Making a detour, to avoid as much as possible the spot where, with swelling chest and inflamed visage, the magnanimous Miss O'Regan stood triumphing, he approached her trembling and agitated companion, who, gratified by the presence of one, as she deemed it, of her own sex, innocently availed herself of his assistance, and leaned on him for support.

Disguising as well as he could his voice, and adjusting his veil, and drawing forward his bonnet, he ventured at length to raise his eyes towards her and to offer her a few words of congratulation on her merciful escape.

"To your brave friend, and your timely arrival," replied the young lady, "I am under heaven indebted for it."

"To heaven alone are you indebted for it," said Charlton, with emotion too power-

ful to be repressed; "to heaven, which would never suffer such innocence to be wronged!"

Miss Eglamour looked earnestly on him. A blush tinged her pale cheek; a deep blush came likewise to his, and he cast down his eyes.

"For God's sake tell me," hesitated Miss Eglamour, "surely, surely you are Mr. Charlton."

"Yes," replied he, "I am that unfortunate person, whom you had the goodness to strive to save, but could not, for fate strove against you. I am in flight—I am in danger at each moment of my. . . ."

"Hush!" interrupted the young lady; "take heed to yourself!"

Miss O'Regan now advanced, and after a word or two spoken to her fair companion, proposed their returning to the house.

"We are but a short distance from it," proceeded she, "though the hill hides it from our view. I hope this worthy man,

and the young woman (steadily fixing her eyes on our youth), will accompany us there, and take some refreshment."

This, in the language of Lorenzo, was dropping manna in the way of starved people; but honest Jenkins's acquaintance with Shakspeare was not so great as with the Bible; and besides, he was, as the reader cannot have failed to remark, rather diffuse in his speeches; his illustrations therefore were borrowed from the latter book, and he spoke in his usual discursive manner.

"By Jebus, medam," replied he, "an that's no the welcomest sound a hae heard the whole day; a mean since a heard poor Matty's voice calling me up at grey morning; and though the day's far from run yit, it seems as wearisome a one as a day in Greenland, where the sun does na go down, they say, for four months thegither. For first of aw Matty vexed me sore, a wunna deny it, by her sorrowing and lamenting over one that shall be nameless; and

then came the poor body who was going, as pale as the shrowd he wore, to the gallows; and though we could do him no good, and might do oursolves muckle harm, it behooved us to stap and greet a bit o'er him; and then when aw peril seemed to be past, and a was sitting in the public, eating a mouthful o' bread and butter—and there was a bit cheese like—diel an the worst wus na coming; for wha should bounce in upon us, but four lang-legged cheels o' the same breed that you—God's sake, medam, but you upset him finely!—that you had your tousel wi', and we could na agree no rate; for first of aw they took me for a ribbon-man or rebel-like, though I am as loyal as the king's son himsolf; and loyaler may be, for that matter too—for never did I tak on wi' a papish woman, whether she was maid, wife, or widow; nor would na if she was as fair as fair Rosamond that had the clew of Woodstock bower, for they are aw painted sepulchres, as my poor grandmother thit's

dead and gone used to say, fair outside and rottenness within. But as a was a saying, these ranting blades affronted both me and my country, as if a potatoe was not as good as a leek at any rate; and when aw that was passed and gone, wha but them to hae mustard to their meat; they maun hae bachelor's fare, bread and cheese and kisses; nothing less a assure ye, and o' that modest maiden there. . . ."

Here the modest maiden interfered with a stout shove of the elbow, which cut short his discourse.

To screen the young Achilles from the observant eye which so closely regarded him, possibly too from a tenderer motive, Miss Eglamour allowed Miss O'Regan to proceed forward with the worthy orange-man, and followed at a little distance, leaning on our youth's arm.

In brief and hasty language she informed him of what had happened since she had seen him last. Her father was still in Dublin, but had a few days before sent

Miss O'Regan to join her at the house of her deceased friend, the late Mr. Burford, with whose disconsolate widow she still resided; but where Miss O'Regan was so unwelcome a visitant, that as it was her father's express direction that they should not separate until he came to them, they had the day before driven to the house where they now were, which belonged to a gentleman of good family but small fortune, who was under obligations to her father.

"Every kindness and assistance in his power, I think I can promise you," continued she. "But an evil eye is upon us," Miss O'Regan had turned round, "and beware!"

A few minutes afterwards they were met by the gentleman himself, who had walked out to see what had detained the ladies. When apprized of the reason, he cordially shook the worthy Jenkins by the hand, and insisted on his staying a day or two with him; an invitation which the good

man accepted as readily, though not altogether so diffusely, as he had that of the ladies.

While dinner was preparing for them, our youth availed himself of a moment of private conversation, to beg of him to be discreet.

"Diel a danger o' me," answered honest Jenkins; "a hae as much discretion as most folks, as this day's work, a think, might hae convinced ye, and jist now I am thinking mair o' eating than spaking. There's as prime a round o' beef setting out in the parlour below yonder, as ever man stuck knife in, and there's port and sherry wine pouring out as if it wur water— and they're only waiting to bristle (broil) a few potatoes, to ca' us down to partake o' it."

"Take as much of the beef and the potatoes as you will, and much good may they do you, for you have well earned them," said Charlton; "but I beseech you to be sparing of the port and sherry

wine. They are sad enemies to the discretion you talk of, and you will need all yours, as I shall need all mine, to carry us safely through this night, for believe me we have no ordinary person to deal with."

"A tell you again there's na danger," said the undaunted Jenkins; "have na a brought ye safe o'er moor and mountain, and even past the gallows tree; and do ye think a dinna know how to manage that woman wi' the brandy face, and papish name. God! a wush ye had heard us a while ago, you would na be mistrusting me this way. Wha's that young woman along wi' ye," said he, mimicking the amiable Miss O'Regan's voice, and manner of speech. "A sister o' mine, and it please ye, medam! 'She is very young,' quo she. 'It's no great fault in a woman, medam,' quo I; 'an it be, its one, ye may ken by your own experience, they're soon apt to cure o'. 'She is no like you at all,' said the wily b——

it," said the young lady; "whatever cause you may have given her, she hates you with an inveteracy, in comparison with which all her other feelings, strong as they are, seem trifling. She is a bad, bad woman!"

"Alas," exclaimed our hero, forgetful of himself for the moment, "that you should have to live with such a woman!"

"It is dreadful certainly," said Miss Eglamour; "but it is but for a few days, till my father comes to the country, and it is his will that it should be so."

"It is a tyrant's will, I should say, were he not Lord Eglamour and your father," exclaimed Charlton, "which thus binds together virtue and vice, a living body and a dead one. Oh, that I had a house or a home where I could shelter you from her; but alas, I have no home for myself! I am a wanderer, pursued, proscribed, and, like him whom it would be improper lightly to name, know not where I shall next lay my head; nor when I leave this house, shall I in all probability ever see you more."

"Never, in all probability," replied Miss Eglamour; "and that is the reason I speak thus freely. My lot," continued she with a blush, and a faint attempt to smile—maiden delicacy doubtless apprehending that the interest she displayed was liable to misapprehension, and seeking by this candid declaration to prevent it, "my lot will soon be joined to another's."

"I know it," said Charlton with a heavy sigh; "but joined and single, here and hereafter, all happiness attend you!"

"Happiness," repeated Miss Eglamour, "happiness!—but I obey my father," continued she, with a soberer tone; "the object of his choice, I have a right to presume, is worthy, and at all events I shall be delivered from the society of this odious woman."

"You will so," replied our youth; "you will be placed in a situation worthy of your virtues; and blessed, and ten times blessed, is the man who shall place you there! That man, your father meant, should have been myself, but fool! I must

wander to a distance, and leave my character at the mercy of that vile woman below! But whatever she made others believe, you, dearest Miss Eglamour, I am sure, will not believe her; you will believe me when I declare, as before God, my innocence of all she so basely accused me. Never for a moment did I betray your father's confidence; never for a moment was I otherwise than grateful for the honour he intended me; and much I wonder his noble and generous nature should have been so imposed upon, or that he could for a moment have believed me so heartless and soul-less a wretch, as to make his daughter's name the subject of vulgar discussion;—as to blame her for another's transgression, or to condemn her for that in which she had no share! Forgive me, Miss Eglamour, for thus speaking; but I owe it to myself, I owe it to you, and I owe it to your noble father, now that hope even is become hopeless, to declare, that he was the man in the world I the most revered; and that I loved you for his sake

before I saw you, as, the moment I saw you, I loved you for your own!"

It is possible these transports were not disagreeable to the young lady; at all events that she had not been slighted in the manner she and her father had been artfully led to suppose, must have been gratifying to her; but she earnestly begged of our youth to be more moderate, and to speak in a lower tone:

"Compose yourself, I entreat you," said she, looking fearfully round; "that odious woman is everywhere, and if she should have overheard you, we—you" substituted she, "are undone."

"I think not of her," said our hero, for the moment above all sublunary considerations; "I care not for her, depraved, abandoned, profligate woman!"

The fair subject of this choice philippic now entered, and his mouth became closed with a suddenness that showed he was not altogether correct, when he said that he cared not for her. It was twilight; but even through its gloom it was easy to dis-

cern the flushed yet darkened expression of her countenance.

"Of whom do you give that fine character, Miss Jenkins, for that I think is your name?" inquired she.

"We were speaking of a person," hesitated Charlton, "whom.... whom...."

"Yes," said Miss Eglamour, taking up the discourse, though with little better success, "we were speaking of a person whom you.... you...."

"Whom I don't know perhaps," interrupted Miss O'Regan.

"Whom you don't know," repeated our youth confidently, thinking that he was now speaking the truth at all events, and that the observation that the person we least know is ourself, was at least as applicable to Miss O'Regan as to any other.

Without making a reply she left the room, and shortly afterwards she was seen sauntering on the lawn.

"You are undone," said Miss Eglamour. "Othello himself was not more dangerous

when he rolled his eyes, than she is when she walks thus. Haste, haste you to fly!"

"But how," inquired Charlton, now willing enough to go, "when that adder is on my path? And yet——Where is my brother?" asked he hastily of the gentleman of the house, who just then entered.

"I showed him to his room," answered the other, "some time ago; he is in bed and asleep, I dare say, by this time."

"Oh, no matter," replied our youth; "show me there, I beg of you, also. I have something particular to say to him."

The good-natured gentleman showed him the door, as he might well indeed have shown it to himself; for the loud breathing of his inebriated friend, like the drone of the bagpipe, sufficiently announced from what quarter the music proceeded.

Not even the pipe of Hermes could have lulled honest Jenkins more effectually than wine seemed to have done; for though our hero made various, and, by no means, gentle

efforts, to rouse him; though he raised him several times up to a sitting posture, yet like a person in a catalepsy, or as if struck by a cannon-ball, he instantly fell back again.

"Friend! companion! Jenkins!" said the agitated youth, shaking him at each appellation, "Awake, awake; the devil is at the door, and we must instantly saddle and ride."

But to this animating appeal, the sleeper, not awakened, only answered by a grunt.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!"—exclaimed our youth in an agony at finding all his efforts ineffectual.

Talk of the devil, and he'll appear, is a proverbial manner of speaking; and sure enough the devil poor Charlton most dreaded, stood a moment afterwards *in propria persona* at his elbow.

She looked at him some time without speaking, and seemed to enjoy his confusion.

"Whether or no I know myself," said she at length, "you see I know you."

"Then if you do know me," replied he, "remember that I am a fellow-creature; that I am in trouble, and that I never did, or intended you harm."

"Harm! wretch," repeated she, "first and last what have you done me but harm? To say nothing of past time, didn't I hear you and that wheyfaced piece of curd a few moments ago! But I'll have revenge; before this time to-morrow you'll be in the body of the jail; and before this time to-morrow week, you'll be, I trust, in the bowels of the earth; and even there," continued she, clenching her teeth, and speaking almost under her breath, "and even there, if I knew how, I would have further vengeance on you!"

Finding entreaty here was as useless as his late efforts to rouse his friend had been, Charlton turned away to leave the room, but she caught firm hold of him, and before he could extricate himself from her

gripe, the noise brought Miss Eglamour, and both the lady and gentleman of the house, into the apartment.

Aghast with horror and astonishment, the former could not all at once speak; for in addition to the bustle within, the tread as of many feet was heard outside. She looked out of the window, and with a faint scream, exclaimed—soldiers!

An instant afterwards the room was filled with them.

"There's your prisoner," said Miss O'Regan, with a spiteful laugh, which soon degenerated into a frightful and hysterical one. "You see how he's pranked out in woman's clothes—seize him!"

"Base woman!" exclaimed the gentleman, "thus to disgrace my house, and to bring a reproach on me and mine for ever—you shall leave it by to-morrow's dawn."

"*He* shall leave it to-night," replied the wretched woman, with the same malignant laugh; "and that will satisfy me, were I to leave it and the world a moment

afterwards. Let's see if Miss Modesty there will follow her paramour in petticoats to jail."

"O no, no," exclaimed the poor young lady; "he's no paramour, indeed he's no paramour of mine. He's flying from the country—he's young too, very young—Oh! then let him go!"

"I cannot, I dare not, young lady," replied the officer to whom this was addressed. "This poor young man, whom I sincerely pity, must go along with me."

"I know it," said Charlton, "and am prepared. Distress not yourself, dearest Miss Eglamour, on my account; I am young, it is true; and now, in all likelihood, I shall not live to be old; but after all, of how little consequence is that? There is no inquisition in the grave, whether we have lived one or an hundred years, and the day of our death—mine will at any rate be so—is better than the day of our birth."

But the sob with which he said this,

showed that even while his breath was forming the words, his heart refused all assent to them.

The hurricane around in some measure dispelled the fumes of intoxication, and the orangeman starting up in his bed, became a new performer in the scene.

"Lord sake!" said he, rubbing his eyes, and gazing bewildered round him, "what's aw' this for? Master, and Mistress, and Miss O'Regan, and that bonny flower they ca' Eglantine—beg pardon, Miss Eglantine a mean, aw in my room, and me stripped in bed! and thae sodgers too! Ah, roguery, roguery! a see it, a see it! and after doing so well the whole day, I hae put my foot in it at the last. Jesus! Jesus! what will Matty say, or wha will tell it to her! She'll gang mad, she'll gang mad, and I'll never dare stand before her. And me that was so well warned too, to have my secret wormed out o' me by that dragoon in woman's clothes! Ah! ye ungrateful viper ye, I that saved your vartue

—little a trow it was worth the saving—this blessed day, to do me such an ill turn, and to send a poor youth to the gallows, who barring that he wus at Ballinahinch battle, and slew a man or two, it may be in fair fight, never, I am sure, did man or mortal harm."

The course of his oratory was here stopped short by Miss Eglamour's dropping fainting into a chair.

"Sweetest! fairest!" sighed our hero as he passed by her—"adieu! a long, long adieu!"

CHAP. V.



Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.



WHEN Charlton in the morning was somewhat restored to recollection, he found himself in the body of the gaol, as his implacable enemy had so truly said he should. And when he raised himself on his wretched pallet, and surveyed his miserable apartment, the state of stupefaction in which he had dosed for several hours passed further away, and he became sensible to all the horrors of his situation.

That evil is greater in prospect than in

reality, has been often said; but in my mind it has not been truly said; at least not in the first moments of the reality. Uncertainty admits of hope, which, according to the beautiful fiction of antiquity, was the sole blessing left to man; and which in truth and sober earnest, is the first and greatest of blessings. And even when our youth had said to himself—as a hundred times, since he had been dragged into this unfortunate rebellion, he had said—there is no hope; even when amidst the horrors of his wretched friend's execution, he had exclaimed—"We must all shortly follow!" he found now that he had deceived himself, that he had clung to hope almost as pertinaciously as ever, and had never in truth brought the reality either of death or of a dungeon fairly before his eyes.

Amazed and bewildered as he tossed himself to and fro, he doubted indeed at times of his own identity; and when he contrasted the innocence and happiness of his life, till within the last few weeks, with

his present misery and dreary abode, he could almost have imagined (in the simple language we have somewhere met with) that he was no longer himself, and that it was some other in his room!

Well indeed might he toss to and fro on his iron couch, and tremble and doubt, as he thought on what he had been, and what he was. Young, well-looking, of an amiable temper and disposition, beloved by his acquaintances and friends, master of his own actions, free to go where he would, over bleak heath and mountain, and shady forest and flowery lawn! Now a devoted criminal, in a dreary cell, and dark dungeon—a situation which he had never visited before, except in imagination, or, like other youths, as an object of curiosity!

Our imaginations terrify us more than our judgments; and those who have been in a gaol even as an object of curiosity, will allow the impression which the massy and darkened walls, the narrow passages and dungeon cells, the clanking irons and

grated windows, and opening and shutting doors, have made on them! How must it be then with those who do not come, but are brought, and must abide in those living tombs; whom those massy and darkened walls immure from the world; whom those dungeon cells shut up from light, and almost from hope; and who mark the progress of time only by the opening and shutting of those eternal doors!

The gaoler now brought the poor prisoner some breakfast, but he could not eat, nor scarcely could he swallow even. Tea is a comfort, and the loathing stomach of sickness rejects it not more than does sorrow's choking throat.

A better cordial was shortly afterwards brought to him, in the person of the gentleman at whose house he had been apprehended.

From him he learned the particulars of what had since passed. The worthy Jenkins who had served him so faithfully, though unhappily, had been, it seemed, in

great danger of being made a prisoner himself; but the loyalty of his character, the humanity of the officer, and the abhorrence with which Miss O'Regan's treachery was regarded, had wrought his deliverance, and he had betaken himself with all due diligence, and not a little frightened, homewards.

"Notwithstanding his fright," continued Mr. Nugent; for so the gentleman was called; "he bitterly lamented your misfortune, and his own hard fate, in being obliged to be the bearer of such sad tidings to the Matty whom he last night named; and whom he seemed not more fearful than desirous to again behold." How they did meet, or in what manner he communicated to her tidings, which she assuredly would sorrow to hear, we must supply by our imagination; for here our history takes leave of them.

"And now," inquired Mr. Nugent, "is there any thing I can do for you? Beside my own sincere wish to be of service, I

cannot but remember it was in my house you were so basely betrayed; this morning early the vile informer left it, and never while I live shall she enter it more."

"But Miss Eglamour," said Charlton, "speak to me, tell me of her."

"She is still with me," replied Mr. Nugent; "and will remain until her father's pleasure be known. Indeed, at present, she is in no condition to be moved, for (I will not conceal it from you) she is very ill, and, I may add, unhappy; and I am sure I shall best serve her, by doing all in my power for you."

"God for ever bless her!" exclaimed Charlton, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven; "and God bless you, sir, too. Even at this moment, I am sure, I feel the benefit of your interference. My gaoler speaks civilly, if not kindly to me; and my breakfast, you see, is of a better kind than I suppose a gaol generally affords."

"It is an untasted breakfast, I likewise

see," said Mr. Nugent; "and I do not much wonder that it should; for sorrow, I know, shuns sustenance; but time, my young friend, reconciles us to many things, even to the dungeon and the gaol.

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent, and quiet, take
> These for an hermitage.

The mind, as we are told by a still greater man, who if he endured not also captivity, was threatened with it, is its own place, and can make (it is long, I admit, of coming to such a state) a heaven of hell, and hell of heaven. "In the mean time" concluded the good gentleman, "be assured that every thing that is possible shall be done in your behalf; and I trust that imprisonment, whether it be long or short, is the worst evil you have to dread."

For the rest of the day Charlton remained in bed, and undisturbed, except by the person who brought him his food.

Beside lassitude both of mind and body, he had another reason for remaining there; his dislike to wearing the habiliments of a woman, now that he was known to be a man.

"And let me but counterfeit as well," said he, "as I lately did, and in this dread emergency prove myself to be really one!"

But a resolution to be resolute, is not the one in the world the most easily kept; and while the heart beats, it will beat the faster at the thought of violent and premature death; our youth's too, who loved, and could not now disguise from himself that he was beloved—and who, of a meek and mild disposition, had neither the enthusiasm of politics to sustain him, nor the fanaticism of hate.

One reason for his remaining in bed was by this time done away; a suit of clothes and some linen were sent him by his late friendly visitant, and on the following morning he rose and dressed himself. Their former occupant was a bulky,

as well as an elderly man, so that they hung about our slim youth (sorrow had not made him stouter) pretty much in the same manner as we may suppose that the doublet and other articles, purchased from the Seigneur Ybaguez, hung about the youthful offender Scipio. Beyond most other situations in which he can be placed, a man in a gaol is not very solicitous about his personal appearance; and our hero was heedless of the huge flapped waistcoat, and old-fashioned snuff-coloured overwrapping coat, into which, as a tortoise does into its shell, or as a Highlander is said to do, into his plaid, he might on an emergency almost have crept and concealed himself.

He had, indeed, more serious subject for consideration, for he understood from the gaoler that a court-martial would be shortly appointed for his trial; a piece of information which a day or two afterwards was also communicated to him by Mr. Nugent.

"Be of good cheer," said the worthy

gentleman, "and all, I trust, will yet be well. You were in a great measure dragged into the rebellion, as it can fully be proved. Every one feels also for the manner in which you were betrayed; and you have a friend—need I name her? who will move heaven and earth—you know her father's influence, and I know her influence over him—in your behalf."

Despondent as was our youth's disposition in general, and slowly as almost at all times his heart opened itself to hope, he could not now help indulging in cheering anticipation, and allowed that under all these circumstances, the sooner he could be brought to a trial it would be the better for him. But by that odd fatality which governs the world, instances of which had before occurred to himself, the interference of friendship prevented the desired good. Unacquainted with the sympathy shown by the officers, who, in all probability, would have constituted the court-martial, and with his own feelings strongly excited in

behalf of one he had once so much cherished; Lord Eglamour, of his own accord, and without consulting any of his friends in the country, had the trial put off—in the intention, at a later period, and when the present ferment had somewhat subsided, of having him tried by the civil law.

Whether this would have been better or worse for him is uncertain; but the experiment was not made. His lordship almost immediately afterwards was attacked with a severe and sudden illness; and his daughter was summoned to attend him at Eglamour park, where he had arrived only the day before.

In times of revolution, events crowd on each other as quick as the scene shifts in a tragedy; and with scarce a moment's previous notice, the regiment, quartered in the town where Charlton was confined, was called away, and its place unfortunately supplied by less regular soldiers. A battalion of fencibles marched in, and with much motley display of the circumstance

rather than pomp of war, mounted guard over the gaol and other public buildings.

Eager, it is possible, to display their zeal, and to enjoy, while it lasted, their brief and evanescent authority, they shortly began clearing the gaol of its devoted inhabitants; and at the rate they proceeded (transporting, however, rather than hanging), it was plain to Charlton that, like Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, his turn must soon come, and that, unless he could find some means of preventing it, he would be tried not by kind and liberal judges, but by ignorant and prejudiced ones. Before such a tribunal, even innocence might not have escaped without condemnation; how little chance then had our unfortunate youth, who commanded the cavalry of the left wing of the rebel army at the battle of Ballinahinch!

In this dangerous dilemma he lost not a moment in writing to his former noble, and still revered patron, apprizing him of these circumstances, and imploring the benefit of

the late arrangement in his behalf. Nor did he stop here, but solemnly asserted his innocence of all that his lordship had been led to think him guilty of; and as far as he could, or he himself understood them, explained the artifices which had been employed against him, and which had wrought so fearful a change in his prospects.

This letter he instantly dispatched by a messenger procured for him by the gaoler, earnestly urging him to make no delay, but to deliver it as soon as possible. The intervening time he passed in alternate hope and fear, but the former on the whole predominated; for he trusted that his honest statement would make its way to his lordship's heart, and he trusted likewise to his fair daughter's influence over him.

But as if fate seemed determined to close each avenue against him, and to deprive him of every friend as he most needed his assistance, his messenger, after a delay which appeared to him almost eternal,

returned with the melancholy and appalling information, that his lordship was insensible, and not expected to live many hours!

"Lord Eglamour insensible, and not expected to live many hours!" exclaimed Charlton, aghast—"Oh! no, no, no,—say that you dropped the letter—say that you never sought him even, say any thing rather than that."

"I would say what I could to pleasure ye, master," replied the messenger; "but I have said the truth now, nevertheless." And it was even so; and the illustrious individual who has graced our brief pages, is now for ever to disappear from them. Nor need we marvel at this; nor wonder, however we may regret, that death which comes to all, and spares not the young, the vigorous, and the gay, should summon an aged nobleman, whose health had long been declining, and whose frail body, too probably, was undermined by the worm which had gnawed and preyed on his soul

for years and years before. How far the agitation of the times, and his hurried journey from Dublin, had hastened the catastrophe, we shall not take on us to say; enough it is, and more than enough, that at the period of the messenger leaving the castle, his lordship was fast approaching the grave, and the house appointed for all the living.

Charlton's grief at the sad tidings was great; sadly too he thought on his own desolate state.

"It is all over with me then," said he with a heavy sigh, given partly to his lordship, and partly to himself; "and before I can see either friend or relation, I shall, in all probability, be likewise no more!"

"And sowl that's likely enough to be true," said the gaoler, who had come in with the messenger; "the cards have na turned up lucky wi' you that's certain, for I have just seen the Commodant's orderly go by, and he stopped to ask a glass—he had taken

ower many already I fear; and he towld me he had the order for your trial to-morrow morning in his pocket—and, guide feth, I would advise ye as a christian to luck to your sowl, for an ye be condemned—ye best know what shoes ye stand in—the Commodant I doubt will scarce allow you time to bliss yourself; it will be a lang gallows and short shrift, as the saying is."

Having delivered this agreeable piece of intelligence in the same manner that he would any ordinary article of news, he turned the ponderous key, and left our hero to his meditations.

They were of a kind more easily conceived than described. It seemed indeed as if he was not only losing, but by a cruel refinement upon misery was actually cheated out of his life. Lover and friend were put far from him; and his acquaintance into darkness.

"Had I but seen Lord Eglamour," exclaimed he; "had he but written to me; had he but read my letter even, that he might not have left the world my enemy!

But heavy as is my affliction, and it is very heavy; and low as is the deep, and it is very low, into which I am fallen; some malignant demon seems at work to make it still heavier, to plunge me lower and lower still!"

While he sat in this nearly distracted state, the gate again turned on its rude hinges; and the boding raven that was to foretel the dread morrow, seemed ready to pour forth its screech-owl notes. A figure muffled up in a large cloak came slowly forward; and as the eye dimmed by sorrow is not very quick-sighted, his hands were firmly grasped, before he perceived it was by his friend Newman.

The place they met was a widely different one from that where they had parted—where they had the earth for their green bed, and the sky for their canopy, though by almost inevitable progression, the one had led to the other. It was some time before either could speak; but Mr. Newman recovered himself the soonest.

"It is no time now," said he, "for unavailing sympathy; we have but a little while to deliberate, and must not sorrow, but act. You are—it would be worse than useless, it would be cruel to conceal it—in a situation of extreme danger; and he who could, and would have befriended you, can now never befriend or injure you more."

"Lord Eglamour is dead, then!" exclaimed Charlton.

"He is so—that worthy nobleman—for worthy, with all his faults, he assuredly was—died yesterday evening, a few hours after your messenger went away."

"Then all my earthly hopes and prospects died with him," said Charlton; much shocked at the communication, prepared though he had been, in a great measure, for it.

"Not so, I hope. Lord Eglamour is dead, it is true, but his daughter still lives; and even in this her uttermost sorrow, that excellent young woman is not unmindful of you; nor I trust did I require her en-

treaties to induce me to exert myself for one I so highly esteem.—But enough of this. Now tell me, are you aware that your trial will come on to-morrow, and that your judges are prejudiced as well as ignorant men; that the General too, who confirms or annuls their sentence, is most likely to do the former, should the decision be, what there is too much reason to fear it shall?"

"I am aware of all this; and that before such men, trial is condemnation, and condemnation is execution!"

"It is too likely to be so; and before I could, in this unexpected dilemma, exert myself among my friends—the General unfortunately is not one of these—exertion in all probability would be too late. I can therefore—turn the matter in my mind as I will—think of nothing better for you than this. You will put on this gown and these other clothes—they were all I could conveniently carry—and then you will throw over

them this blue cloak. I shall sit as late as possible, and when Mitchell is between sleeping and waking—he is dosing I b'elieve at this moment—I will suddenly call him; you will then walk boldly out, and my life for it, he will let you pass as if it were me. When you are clear of the gaol, you will throw aside the cloak, and having, on a recent occasion, managed so well in a female garb, I should hope you might on the present occasion do the same."

"But you," inquired Charlton, "what would become of you, for thus aiding and abetting in my escape?"

"Oh never mind me; I shall come to no harm. I am a loyal man; and that cabalistic word, in these times at least, is the all-powerful *sesame* of an Eastern tale, at whose magic command doors open and close. I shall walk out to-morrow morning with nearly as much indifference, and most likely with as little obstruction, as I should out of a tavern."

Charlton mused awhile on this proposition, and at length honestly confessed that the more he considered the plan, the less he liked it. That it seemed little likely that the mere disguise of an old cloak should hide him from the eye of an observant gaoler, who, sleeping or waking, drunken or sober, would recognize his prisoner among a million, by an instinct of his profession, to the full as unerring as that of Bobadil. And that if, contrary to all expectation, he should get clear of the gaol, he had an unconquerable reluctance to wearing the apparel which, on the occasion to which his friend alluded, had exposed him at every step he took to danger, and at last led to his discovery.

Mr. Newman clasped his hands together, like one who has a sudden thought.

"Had we but another day," exclaimed he, "I could, I think, manage it; but in a gaol, alas! beyond all other places, we know not what a single day or an hour may bring

forth! You it may confine still closer. Should you be condemned, it surely will, and possibly with a guard in your cell too."

While they were thus speaking, the gaoler came in, and addressing Mr. Newman with great respect, said, "I don't wish to hurry ye, surr, but it's struck nine, half an hour and more by gone."

"No matter," replied Mr. Newman; "as this may be the last night my poor friend here may ever have to himself, I shall sit up a while longer with him."

"Hout tout, surr," said the gaoler, "it's no the last night, no the last night, may be, by a dozen. The Commodant's orderly passed awhile ago, as I towld Mr. Charlton there, as fou as the Baltic, and brought, as I thought, and as he towld me, the order for the trial to-morrow. But whether he got the order and dropped it, or got none at all, which is just as likely, he has none now to produce—and whatever hurly-burlies come among them, the Commodant's away

the Lord knows where! and no court-martial ye ken, till he signs and seals."

"But are you sure," asked Charlton, slowly and fearfully admitting hope, "that they will not try, hang me—for it would be one and the same thing—of themselves?"

"Sure!" repeated the gaoler, "aye certain sure. I live by the law—it's no the law martial though—and will uphold the law; but, damn me, if they wure to think, much more to offer such a thing, if I wouldn't draw bolt and bar, and ye should gie them leg bail for your appearance."

"We shall speak of that to-morrow," said Mr. Newman, rising. "Since it is lock-up time and more, I shall not encroach on my friend Mitchell's indulgence, or trespass longer on prison rules, but leave you to the rest of which I am sure you must stand in need."

He did stand in need of it; and what seldom happens with sleep, or indeed with any thing else, when we most stand in need

of it, he had it in no common degree. Death, which seemed immediate, put a little off, appeared put off to an immeasurable distance, and that night he required neither Poppy nor Mandragora to lull him to repose!

CHAP. VI.

So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live;
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind:
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest
behind.

CHARLTON passed the following day, as he had so many preceding days, alone; but with evening came the friend to whom he was so anxiously looking.

"Have you heard any bustle or disturbance to-day?" inquired he of our youth, after he had, with his usual kindness, greeted him.

"Yes," replied Charlton, "I heard a confused and almost continued sound as of the trampling of horses, the beating of drums, and voices of men."

"It was all these," said Mr. Newman, "and a hundred other noises beside. General Lake, or whoever the devil else commanded there, has been, it seems, defeated at Killala, and all is hurry and bustle to send him assistance; even the brigade quartered here is just gone, and there are none left remaining except a few old, infirm, and ailing men. My friend, you have youth, you have activity, and now is the time to exert them. You must make your escape this very night; for circumstances so favourable may never again occur; and with their minds soured by this unexpected and most mortifying defeat, I should as little, at this moment, covet for your judges king's officers, as officers of the yeomanry, or fencibles. I have, this entire day, been engaged in your service, and trust I have so arranged matters as to liberate

you without absolutely committing myself, which, I confess, though I should readily do so if necessary for your service, I should be as well pleased to avoid. Now hearken, my friend, to what I am going to say. In the first place take this pass which I have procured for you under the name and designation of Lieutenant Charles Stewart, an officer on leave of absence, returning to spend a few weeks with his friends in Scotland, on account of ill health. In a basket which shall shortly be here, you will find some wearing apparel suitable to the character; and underneath it a ladder of ropes and a file, by means of which you will easily make your way through that crazy bar of iron there, and over that lumbering wall. You will then, and I need scarcely say without loss of time, go straight forwards on that road—pointing to the one which led directly from the gaol into the country—and about half a mile forward you will find a boy with a horse, which you will immediately mount, and proceed with all due

diligence to Belfast, where he will accompany you, and take you to a friend's house, where I trust you will be in perfect security until I join you, which shall be almost immediately. We shall then, I do not doubt, contrive some means of getting you to America, where, under your present circumstances, you have, I presume, no objection to go."

"None, none in the world," said Charlton despondently; "I have no longer a motive for remaining here. I have neither country, nor home, nor friend—you, generous friend, and she—whom I shall not name—excepted."

To her of whom he was thinking, but did not name, his friend made no allusion, but proceeded in his discourse.

"There is wine in the basket, of which we shall of course ask Mitchell to partake, and I dare say he will swallow a sufficiency of his favourite opiate; but if, contrary to all expectation, he should not, take this vial of laudanum, and keep it in your

pocket ready to be made use of, if necessary. Now, tell me, do you fully comprehend my meaning? And do you approve of my scheme, of which I own I am myself not a little proud?"

"I fully comprehend you," said Charlton; "and shall strive to hope the best."

"Hope in your heart, and joy in your face, if you can," said Mr. Newman, "for here comes our gaoler; and mark me now, as Launcelot says, how I shall raise the waters with him."

"Well, Mitchell," said he, "I have got the start of you, you see. This time I bring the good news the first."

"Good news!" repeated the gaoler, "I know of none—it's sorrowful news, and shameful news, I think, Mr. Newman, to hear that the king's army, officers, and aw, ha run away from a wheen half-starved Frenchman, and they kicked the very shoes frae their toes, I am credibly informed, thit they might run the faster."

"Oh, never think of that," said Mr. Newman; "he that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day, you know; but the good news, I mean, is about your young prisoner there. I have just had a letter from Dublin informing me, that in consequence of Lord Eglamour's late application—even when dead, he still lives, and will long live in the memory of his friends—that in consequence of Lord Eglamour's late interference, I say, and the young man's own good character, an order had been sent direct from the castle to bring him up there, to undergo a slight examination before the privy-council; by whom there can be little doubt that, on giving security for his future good behaviour, he will be released. I thought, in truth, that the order might be already come; at all events it will be here some time to night, or early to-morrow morning."

"The sooner the better," replied the humane gaoler; "for diel tak me, an' I

would wush the hanging o' a cat or a dog, let alone a man that ye concerned yourself about, Mr. Newman."

"I thank you, Mitchell," said Mr. Newman; "I always thought you a tender-hearted man—for your trade mind ye—a gaoler is not expected to be a Howard. So sit you down and take a glass of wine with us; my servant will be here presently with a small basket."

The worthy gaoler did not require to be twice told, but seated himself in glad expectation of the promised basket, which was not long of forthcoming.

"Lord save us! Mr. Newman," exclaimed he, as this new Trojan horse was brought in, "gin ye ca' thit a sma' basket, I wonder what ye would ca' a large one. Do you mean we should eat and drink aw thits there at one sitting?"

"No, not all," said Mr. Newman, who was busy in bringing out bottles and glasses, and plates and mugs; "here is something to eat and drink from, you see; and there

is some linen for our friend to make a decent appearance with, when he goes to Dublin Castle; and a suit of clothes that will fit him a little better, I trust, than those he has on. They are well enough for the house, but somewhat too large and long to go before the lord lieutenant with."

The gaoler laughed at the joke, as he deemed it, but his eyes still rested on the basket; and he seemed restrained only by respect for its owner from examining it. He even took a step forward seemingly for that purpose, but the crafty Sinon of the scheme appearing to take no heed, drank off a large glass of wine.

"Pledge me, Tom," said he, handing him a mug filled with the precious liquor, "and then have a look of that basket you are ogling so knowingly, if you will. There is no contraband liquor there, I assure you, for I know you are promised against whiskey; and indeed it is no fit liquor either for gaol or gaoler."

The worthy gaoler took off his draught,

and reseating himself, said—" I ken aw's right, but for form's sake I'll jist run my hand through the basket before ye go."

" Just so, unbelieving Thomas," continued Mr. Newman, in the same jocular strain; " in the meantime let us eat a bit of this cold roast beef."

" I shall first take a glass of wine to this good man's health," said our hero, willing to enter for some share into the scene; " and many thanks to him for his civility."

The good man could not of course refuse to pledge him; and the mug, which was not a small one, was filled and emptied a second time.

Bumper succeeded to bumper, and shortly after supper, which was no more a short than a dry meal, Mr. Mitchell, if not actually intoxicated, was in a state as nearly resembling it as possible.

Mr. Newman now rose and took his leave, the gaoler staggering with him to the door. Quick as lightning our hero flew to the

basket, and tossing aside the bundle of clothes, found a file, and ladder of ropes nicely folded up, underneath, He made the prescribed use likewise of the laudanum-bottle, we may presume, without nicely counting the drops.

The gaoler was now returned, and merely glanced an eye over the basket, which, like Esop's, was by this time in a state not far from emptiness.

"Another mug-full," said Charlton; "it will make you sleep the sounder."

The gaoler yawned consent, and swallowed—work of supererogation as it might have been deemed—the cup as well drugged, as that which Lady Macbeth had bestowed upon the surfeited grooms.

"Here's another mug-full still," said Charlton.

"No more, no more," replied the now almost subdued gaoler; "that last was the shoing-horn, and neither meat nor malt shall cross my throat till to-morrow morning."

"Then don't let good liquor be lost," said Charlton. "Call in Bryan (this was an attendant, half prisoner and half turnkey), and he will not refuse it, I warrant you."

Bryan made his appearance forthwith, and tossed off the Lethean cup, which, as his share of the wine had been small, was qualified accordingly.

Charlton was now left to himself, and violently his heart beat, as he heard the gaoler lay his ponderous load on his bed; as he came to breathe harder; and as the loud melody of his nose announced that he was in his drunken trance.

Nor was he long a solo performer, for Bryan, who lay in an adjacent cell, took his part *con spirito* in the concert; and Charlton felt that now was his time, or never. His first care was to disembarrass himself of his present garments, and to put on those brought him by his kind friend. He put on a blue military great coat over

all. A ludicrous thought, at the instant, occurred to him.

"In one of Congreve's plays, I think it is," said he, "that a gallant, found in a lady's apartment, is made to say, that if he had only come with the Practice of Piety in his pocket, he might have escaped undisturbed. A military great coat, I trust, shall be the Practice of Piety to me!"

He next applied himself to his file, which he handled to so good purpose, that in no extraordinary length of time the bars, or bar rather, was sawn through, and the passage —window there was none—was made wide enough to let him pass, great coat and all.

He was now in the gaol-yard, and, applying his ladder of ropes, was in an instant at the top of the wall, from which as instantly he descended on the other side. The gaol was almost at the end of the town, so that he had only a few cabins to pass, and he was fairly in the country, and on the road which had been pointed out to him.

As he stepped lightly forwards, he could not help wondering at the facility of his escape, and repeated over and over to himself; "How silly must he be who stays in a gaol to be hanged, when the passage to safety is so easy!"

It required little reflection, however, to perceive, that circumstanced as he was, his greatest danger, perhaps, lay beyond the prison. "But I am a king's officer," continued he, pursuing his former train of thought, "in ill health, travelling to see my friends in Scotland; and with a military great coat on my back, and a pass in my pocket, I hope to pass safe through all my enemies, were they more numerous than they are."

On putting his hand into his new coat pocket, he found his friend Newman had not forgotten that first of all friends, perhaps, money; but an instant after, to his utter consternation, he discovered, that in the confusion of his escape, he had forgotten his pass, and had left it in his other waistcoat pocket!

Nor was this a solitary instance of his ill fortune, but followed, as generally happens in cases of misfortune, by what might be regarded as a still greater one. In the height of his dismay at this untoward circumstance, and on approaching the spot where the saddled and bridled horse was to be in readiness for him, he found the bridle indeed sticking to a bush; but the horse had some how or other contrived to free itself from it, and neither horse nor man was to be seen.

Whether the boy, tired with waiting, or terrified by solitude, had fled first, and the impatient animal had followed after, or whether the order was reversed, and the boy had gone in pursuit of the horse, was useless to conjecture, and impossible to know; all of which our youth was certain (an indifferent omen for one in flight from justice) was, that he had lost a horse, and found a halter.

This latter, indeed, he did not long retain, for he threw it indignantly on the

ground, and immediately after threw himself down beside it.

"The cards have not turned up lucky with me," said he, repeating his friend the gaoler's words; "and many a one in my situation would throw them down in despair, and have done with the game for ever!"

Had he himself been thus disposed, fortune or the devil had certainly put the means in his power; for while he had forgotten the pass, he had brought the laudanum-bottle along with him!

CHAP. VII.

'Tis night; the season when the happy take
Repose, and only wretches are awake;
Now discontented ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd buildings, and unwholesome grounds;
Or at the curtains of the restless wait,
To frighten them with some sad tale of fate.

OUR youth remained upwards of an hour couched on the ground, in the hope that the boy might possibly return; but as there was still no appearance of this, nor could he now expect it, it became necessary to come to some resolution. The plot, which at first seemed a good and excellent plot, wore now an entirely altered appearance; destitute, as he was, of protection, and the means of quick movement, it was indispen-

sable he should alter his former plan; and instead of lording it on the great road, which, in his demi-military garb, he might, had he chosen it, readily have done, to seek out lone and unfrequented paths.

He accordingly, though not without casting a lingering look behind, got into the fields, and after crossing several, and clambering over various rough and irregular stone walls, he came to a river, the course of which, as slowly it moved along through green fields and rich meadows, he resolved to follow.

Our youth, as the reader in more than one instance has seen, was sufficiently disposed to lament the evil step he had taken into rebellion; but never did he lament it more, or with greater sincerity, than he now did, as he wandered amidst the rich beauties of nature, the placid sweetness of the reposing earth and still water, and beneath the innumerable stars of an autumnal sky. And when he raised his eyes upwards to those stars, and cast his thoughts back-

wards to the youthful days when he first trod such green meadows and sleeping mountains; and downwards to those millions on millions who, having strove and struggled their hour upon earth, as he was now doing, were sleeping as they; he could not contain his astonishment, that man, who wants so little, and for so little a while, should ever concern himself about forms of government, or almost think any thing worth regarding, except fresh air, and liberty!—the liberty of walking to and fro on the earth!

He would have crossed over to the opposite side; for a river he thought was always something to put between him and his enemies; but though not a broad, it was a deep one, and he still lingered along its banks, encountering neither human footstep nor sound.

At length, snugly sheltered amidst a heap of rushes, he espied a small boat, which probably belonged to a fisherman, or perhaps to a ferry. The question of proprietorship, however, was not one he was

very solicitous to determine, and he eagerly stepped in, like Don Quixote, trusting himself to the guidance of fortune; and more by good luck than good guiding, for there were no oars, he was borne to the opposite side.

The stars were now beginning to fade before the promise—the rosy promise, as poetry well and beautifully terms it, of coming day, and it behoved him to hurry forwards to some place of concealment; instead, therefore, of following longer the course of the river, he directed his steps towards some lofty mountains, dimly seen through the obscure sky.

As he walked briskly on, and had gained a kind of irregular road, he thought he saw a human form at a little distance; and stopping to take a better look, he heard a voice as if in complaint. He approached the place from whence it proceeded, and discovered a man, or a boy rather, and a little animal, which might be either an ass or a mule, struggling in a ditch.

"Who are you?" asked he, with a tone of authority intended to show he was of that privileged order which stood nearly in the same relation to the law at that day in Ireland, that King William is made to do to the greatest of all beings, according to the words put into his mouth, by the pious and loyal author of one of the various readings of the battle of the Boyne: 'For God shall be our king to-day, and I'll be General under.' "Who are you, I say; and what are you doing there?"

"Doing," repeated the lad; "it's none o' my doing, your honour, I'll give ye my 'davy o' it. But little Shelty there, the curse o' Saint Patrick, and Saint Bridget to boot, on him and aw his breed, whambled me and himsel into this bog-hole, and neither cursing nor coaxing can get him out again."

Charlton lent his assistance, and the little animal and its rough-looking rider were, though not without difficulty, placed upon dry and firm ground.

"Now," said Charlton, "that I have

drawn you out of that Slough of Despond, where, if left to yourself, you might have stuck to doomsday; tell me where you are going at this time of night, and what business you are on?"

The boy hesitated, and looked confounded.

"Tell me this instant," repeated Charlton, raising his voice. "About nothing good, I fear."

"That's just as heaven and your honour pleases," said the lad with a sanctified look; "for to tell ye God's truth and the king's, my grandmither has had a sore groaning fit, and so a' am going aw speed—a hope your honour wunna detain me—for Juddy Dougherty, the midwife."

"Your grandmother, you knave, you," repeated Charlton; "your story carries a lie on the very face of it. She must be past groaning, as you call it, many a long year ago."

"It's come back upon her then," said the lad with a grin; "for I'll swear to your

honour she wus groaning, and sore groaning too, when a came off—and what wi' Shelty, and what wi' your honour—craving your pardon for naming ye thegither—I'll get sma' credit a fear by my commission; and when a get back, they'll be apt to ca' me, as they hae done heretofore, the corby messenger."

"Boy," said Charlton, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you are going, I am sure, on another and a very different errand; tell me instantly, for I will know."

"Diel hae me if a hae any thing else to tell," replied the boy; "specially to a sodger, may be, for a judge that's a uniformal coat ye ha' on."

"No matter about the coat," said Charlton; "it is not the apparel that makes the man, whatever Robin Hood may say to the contrary. I am no soldier on my soul; so tell me, I pray you, where you are going? Remember I helped you out of that deep ditch, and that without me you could not have gone at all."

"A man wus hanged for saying what wus true," muttered the cautious messenger; " "but swear to me first, that you are not one o' King George's spies."

"I am not, I swear," said Charlton, who had hope that the corby messenger (as he would certainly prove to be, let his errand be what it might) was exactly the kind of person of whom he stood in need. "I am a poor hunted and harassed man, who does not at this moment know where to rest his foot, or to lay his head."

"Your honour must be a croppy then; for it's the orangemen's time o' hunting now, and diel tak me an they do na make good use o' it," said the lad.

"I am a croppy, and you, I am sure, are one also," said Charlton.

The boy did not reply by words, but the cabalistic sign was mutually made, and all reserve was instantly banished.

"And now," resumed Charlton, "you

must hide me as soon as you can, for the day you see is beginning to dawn."

"I'll do my best," replied the lad, "and that's donsey enough, God he knows; but ough hon, ough hon, had you come awhile ago ye would hae had plenty, and braw hiding places too; but now the sodgers cram their noses, ay and their bagganuts too, into the very meal chists, for fear a unitud man should hae ta'en the mouse's quartre, there; and then the boys, the boys hae eaten us clean up."

"The boys?" repeated Charlton. "What boys?"

"Oh, the boys who scaped from the fight like."

"What," asked our hero, "has there been a battle hereabouts?"

"No, not jist a battle, but a fight like. It behooved the French who carry the world afore them in other parts—it's jist the owld luck o' Ireland—to be beaten here." This was the orange or rather loyalist

reading of the battle of Killala, industriously propagated for fear of further rising in the country. "And then ye ken," continued the youthful narrator, "it was diel tak the hinmost wi' the poor boys who wure on their way to join them, for the killed a few o' them, and wounded wheen more."

"And some of these poor wounded people are hiding, I suppose, with you," said Charlton.

"And troth thit's jist the mystery, and the lang and the short o' the whole story. Two or three o' them are sore cut and bruised, and a wus jist a going to Paddy Rafferty's, down by the burn yonder, who has great skill in sores and bruises, to see if he would come up and doctor them a bit; and when a heard ye coming—a heard ye long afore a saw ye, for diel tak me an a dinna think fear makes the lugs stick out from the head—a took ye for a yeoman, and so a jouked and kept to the one side,

and ne'er saw that pit o' Satan there, till a wus fairly in the middle o' it."

"And there that which you were seeking for, came by God's grace to seek you," said our youth, not unwilling to impress on him a sense of his obligation. "There is no need you should go further; I am a doctor, and as skilful a one I should hope, as your friend Mr. O'Rafferty."

Charlton and his companion now mounted little Shelty (this time he occupied the most honourable seat, and rode foremost), and ascending the mountain, they came, just as the sun was rising, to a small group of cabins (the town, as the boy called it), some of them together, and others a little apart.

His guide led him into one of these which he said belonged to his grandmother, who, old and almost bed-ridden (groaning as her grandson had thus far truly said, beneath the load of years and trouble, harder to bear even than children)

lay in a corner. Two or three men were stretched upon straw in different parts of the cabin, who, at the approach of our hero, raised their heads, and surveyed him with wild and dismayed looks.

"Fear nothing," said he; "I am neither soldier nor yeoman, but a poor runaway like yourselves."

"Aye, head doctor to the army o' the republic, afore it was clean broken, like Jack Halliday's mug, and put past aw rivetting," said the lad, raising this splendid superstructure, on a very slight foundation.

"Are any of these," asked Charlton, "the wounded men you were speaking of?"

"One o' them got a bit cut in the leg, and another in the lip—it's clean slit off him indeed—but the sore wounded ones, and sad and sore wounded, God he knows, some of them are, are down by yonder in Christy Moonie's."

Thither Charlton immediately proceeded, and examined the wounds of those wretched and helpless men. Two of them were se-

verely, though not desperately wounded; but the third was as much out of the reach of human assistance, as he was beyond the power of human vengeance; for the poor man was dying, as he himself was thoroughly aware.

"Trouble not yourself about me, doctor," said he, "for I'll soon be a trouble to no one. My hour glass is sore shaken, and has na muckle longer to run. Ough it's a sore thing too to die, and ne'er so much as a priest to speak comfort to the departing soul, or to prepare it for its awsome flight!"

"What is he no' comed yit?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Not yet," answered another; "a suppose he's a feared; and troth it would be no shame for him if he wure, for the sodgers are ganging about hacking and hewing, as gin men grew out of the ground like stalks o' corn."

Charlton now returned to his guide's cottage; food was not to be had, but taking

a draught of fair water, he stretched himself on some straw that was placed for him by the fire-side, and, rolled up in his great coat, he had a long and comfortable sleep.

CHAP. VIII.

Not the last sounding could surprise him more,
That summons drowsy mortals to their doom.

It was evening when our hero awoke. The poor man he found had died in the interval; and—for what reason was not explained to him, but it could not surely have been to be near him—the body had been brought up to the cabin where he was, and was laid out directly opposite to him.

"And a' am jist a going," said Terrence; for that was the name of the youthful messenger of this mountain colony; "a' am jist a going to buy pipes and tobacco for the wake; he shall hae a Christian one, gin the Hessians, and thae other deevils wi' the hard name (probably

he meant Homspech's dragoons) wure at the hill foot."

"And take this, my good lad," said Charlton, giving him money to help out a ceremony, which no circumstance of danger or trouble could make an indifferent one in Ireland; "and bring a bottle or two of whiskey likewise. I am sure we want something to keep up our spirits."

"Ah, whiskey's clean forbidden at wakes now," replied Terrence with a shake of the head, which indicated little approbation of the regulation; "our clargy say it's no seemly nor decent in us o' the owld and undoubted church, to be guzzling drink like the black-hearted Presbyterians, who feast on their fasts (they win heaven easy, the sowls, gin they ever do win it), and would curse wha ever touched, let alone took it, with bell, book, and candle."

"In that case," said Charlton, prudently declining controversy with this mountain theologist, "get some tea and sugar in its room; and do you hear, take this guinea

and buy me a bottle of wine, a loaf or two of bread, and some cheese."

Terrence departed at a rate which indicated that on this occasion he was determined, if possible, not to prove what he termed a corby messenger; and our youth sat at the fire impatiently expecting his return, for sleep had not satisfied hunger, and the exhausted cottage furnished nothing but potatoes, which his brethren in jeopardy amused themselves with roasting in the fire.

In as short a time as could have been well expected, Terrence made his appearance, bearing with him his welcome load. Charlton, who was sick almost to fainting with fasting, by some such contrivance as he got the boat over the water without oars, uncorked the bottle without a screw, and taking a long and hearty draught, experienced how truly it was said by the wise man of old, that wine is good for those that are of heavy heart.

He shared his bread and cheese with the

little assembled party, but his wine, though offered to all and each of them, was, in compliance with their church or clergyman's injunctions, untasted, and, no unwelcome circumstance, came back undiminished to him. The tea, however, which was now prepared, and handed about in noggins and porrengers, was a most grateful beverage to those poor half-famished creatures; and could they have added whiskey to the tobacco which they greedily smoked, the feast to their apprehension would have been perfect, for they would neither have desired, nor indeed conceived any thing better.

"And now that we ha' time to think o' such matters, what's the news from the town, Terrence, lad?" asked one of the party.

"Indifferent, very indifferent," said honest Terrence. "The sodgers are aw about, and they fired three rounds for the grand victory as they ca'ed it—though wise people," continued he with a wink, "misdoubt

that the victory was no aw on one side. And after firing their three rounds, a wheen o' them went to Mrs. Murphy's, and drank up aw the whiskey, for bye six bottles of wine, which was all thit remained after a had bought mine; and they scolded her owr the water, and ca'ed her papist, and croppy, and owld mother damnable, jist bekays she edged in a word or two about the payment like. A got a clout and a curse mysel as a wus jouking by them, but a did na stap to wrangle wi' them, thit you may well believe; curses break na bottles more than bones, and the Virgin be praised for it, a carried his to the gentleman there safe and sound."

Our hero, who, by the largeness of his contribution, might in a great measure be regarded as the donor of the treat, now attracted their attention in a greater degree than he had hitherto done, and was hearkened to with a respect, which in a remote country is rarely under any circumstances refused to the abstract gentleman, and

which, on the present occasion, would probably not have been withheld, if, instead of hiding as they now were, they had been all going to gaol together.

The dismal object before them, however, when corporeal wants were satisfied, produced its natural influence; and human life and its artificial distinctions faded before the solemn scene. Notwithstanding the reduced and miserable condition of those poor creatures, they had contrived to give the cabin somewhat the appearance, so indispensable in their eyes, of the house of death. Two candles were placed on a table before the bed where the corpse lay. The bed itself, or what was intended to be such, was hung round with white. The body was dressed in a shroud, and a cap with black ribbon. A plate of salt was laid on the breast, possibly on account of its antiseptic qualities, and possibly likewise from some fanciful analogy between corporeal and spiritual corruption.

The conversation was carried on in an

under voice, and more stories were told of ghosts and apparitions than Charlton could remember. He was as forcibly struck with the look and tone of terror and affright, with which they were told and listened to, as he was with the importance they showed man is of to himself, who cannot die, but that hundreds of imaginary beings are conjured up, to bewail his dissolution, and to give him warning of it.

"Alas!" thought he, "when the order of nature is fulfilled, when the shrivelled and yellow leaf drops from the autumnal tree, no miracle need be wrought, no ghost need rise from the grave, to tell us what we know must necessarily be; but when opening life, with its budding hopes, its blooming wishes, its blossoming desires, is about to be torn from the mortal stem to which it so pertinaciously clings, come dream, come vision, come ghost, come apparition, and give us due warning that we shall soon be trodden under foot!"

At break of day, the company uttered a wild and sudden shriek. This is an ancient custom, and appears not an unnatural one. The first rays of new-born day break dismal on the brilliant halls of rejoicing, and give the gay figures which glide over their figured floors a sad and livid hue. They may well be supposed to make death more ghastly, and its apartment more sorrowful.

Shortly afterwards the funeral went out, and Charlton, from some feeling of sympathy or curiosity, was induced to accompany it. The procession stopped at a field near the church-yard, where it was met by the priest. The coffin was laid at his feet, and the people ranged themselves around, while he read the funeral service of the church to which he belonged. Fondly attached to their ancient burying-places, which they regard as holy ground, the Catholics still bear their dead to them, though they are mostly now Protestant church-yards. It is almost superfluous to

say, that they are not allowed to perform there the ceremonies of their religion; and therefore that the solemn mass is generally said, and dirge sung, in the nearest field. On the present occasion, the rites were still further maimed; for the period would not allow even of such requiem as, in ordinary times is sung to peace-departed souls.

Beside the officiating priest stood another, who was muffled in a large cloak, and wore a wig, which fully answered Lord Foppington's description of a fashionable one, for little more than two inches of his face were seen; yet even thus disguised, concealed as was his visage, sunken as was his eye, and hollow (as far as it could be seen) as was his cheek, Charlton instantly recognised the instructor of his youth, the leader, or misleader rather of his riper years,—the unfortunate Dimond, whom he had as firmly believed dead, as if he had seen him laid in the grave with his own eyes, and whom, spite of the misery he

had caused him, he loved, were it only for the love the other had borne him!

> Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?

After the hasty funeral was finished the party separated; the two priests, I should rather say clergymen, returning homewards, while our youth walked backwards to his cabin, musing on what he had seen. He expected an almost immediate communication from his friend, but the day was nearly elapsed before he had any.

At length, as worn out with expectation he was dosing on the straw, the priest came into the cabin. He started up on the reverend gentleman's entrance, who, in a few words, informed him that his worthy coadjutor was taken suddenly ill, and wished to see him immediately.

"Haste ye, haste ye," said his friend Terrence, plucking the straws from his

coat, to which they stuck as fantastically as if he were an inmate of Bedlam; "and dinna for the love o' the sweet Jesus forget the draps. Your Reverence! he's a real doctor, and can cure every thing."

"I could not cure that poor creature who was carried this morning to his long home," said Charlton.

"Na to be sure; nae doctor can cure death; we aw know that. But though he could na cure your Reverence, he could tell, and he towld us to a minute, the very hour that poor Dinnis (rest his sowl, a pray God) would depart frae this vale o' sorrow; and moreover he has a wee bit bottle in his pocket no bigger than my hand, and he only drappit a few draps in thae poor bodies' drink there, and diel hame (craving your Reverence's pardon, and blissing) an they ha na lain as easy and quiet since, as gin they wure in their earthly beds, as low laid as poor Dinnis is."

Charlton, as he accompanied the priest, thought he might safely venture to assure

him, that though he could not cure death, he could cure his worthy coadjutor's ailment, which he had no difficulty to conceive was as fabricated as his priesthood was.

The two friends, opposite as were their ideas, habits, as well as times of life, and much and just reason as our youth had to complain of the other, saw each other with nearly equal pleasure; for they had shared trouble and danger, and seemed now brought together as strangely as if they had met in another world.

Irregular as was the hour of eating, the priest had put off till then his dinner, and the little party sat down with all due cordiality to partake of it. Charlton, who for the last day or two had fared but indifferently, felt all the luxury of a roast shoulder of mutton and potatoes. Nor was a bottle of good wine drawn from the priest's varnished cupboard wanting; and last, though in the two reverend gentlemen's apprehension not least, the whiskey,

warm water, and sugar, were placed on the table; and often was the bowl or jug replenished, until at a late, or rather an early hour, they retired to their beds.

CHAP. IX.



Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemished lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring God.



Mr. Dimond's deliverance, which, to our youth, appeared so extraordinary, would probably not have seemed so much so, had he been more accustomed to the casualties and hair-breadth escapes of a military life. That which happened to his friend, had no doubt happened to thousands.

Resolved upon death, he had rushed, as Charlton had seen, into the midst of his enemies; and almost immediately he was laid insensible on the ground, by a desperate wound on the head, and another by a bayonet

in the breast. Borne forwards as was the tide of war, he would, in all probability, have been crushed beneath it, and, in this manner, have met the death which he sought; but it so happened that one of the mounds of earth belonging to the little fortification formerly mentioned, was tumbled down almost at the same moment that he was, and he was in a great measure covered by fragments of it. Thus was he almost literally buried alive, and perhaps it was the only circumstance that could have saved him, for had he escaped being trodden to death, some of the stragglers or loiterers would most likely have completed what their brethren in the front rank had begun. Man is accustomed to applaud himself on his humanity, but the field of battle is not the ordinary theatre of its display, for when safety is secured, and rage even (it is long of being satiated) is satiated, he often wantons in murder, and slays in sport. Poor Mr. Dimond lay long in this state, and when, at length, he was restored to some

degree of recollection, he found himself in a scene of solitude which contrasted strangely with the one he had closed his eyes on. Friend and foe had alike abandoned the field; he was surrounded by dead bodies, while he himself, while still alive, was nearly buried among them. That he was still alive, was a subject of wonder to him, and amazement, rather than of pleasure or of gratification, for he had wrought up each corporeal faculty, his great affliction, in the language of the poet, to shake off, and rid himself for ever of a world which had become odious to him; and the effort by which he was brought back to life was a more painful one than that by which he had quitted it.

"It was not," said he to Charlton, as, the day after their unexpected meeting, he told at great length his tale; "it was not when I received this cut (taking off his wig and showing his yet unhealed wound), nor when I got this stab (opening his waistcoat and displaying his breast, which seemed nearly as scarred as Cæsar's was), that the fatal blow

was given; but when I saw hope vanish, when I saw the field fairly lost, when I saw the Republic to which I had looked, as I should only have looked to heaven; when I saw it, as far at least as I was concerned, for ever undone, then it was that sorrow stronger than steel subdued me, then it was that I truly fell!"

But perhaps his sensations on being thus reluctantly brought back to life, may be better described by the following lines, than by any language either of his or of ours.

"Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for awhile was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled:
Ah sottish soul, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly:
Fool to resume her broken chain!
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemned and destined is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me?

He lay several hours in this dreary

situation, and it was beginning to grow duskish, when he heard the distant sound of music; and as it drew nigher, he recognized one of those simple and monotonous tunes to which sacred music is generally sung. The words were as simple as the air, but they affected him in a manner which choicer poetry and finer sounds would probably not have done.

Blessed Jesus! from thy throne,
Hearken to the sinner's moan;
Rough the road, and rude the way,
While on earth we weary stray;
Blessed Jesus! from thy throne,
Hearken to the sinner's moan!

Lamb of God! who sitt'st on high,
Look on man with pitying eye;
On the fallen thy mercies shed,
Raise from earth the drooping head;
Lamb of God! who sitt'st on high,
Look on man with pitying eye!

Son of Mary! from thy throne,
Hearken to the sufferer's moan:

Bid the struggler's struggles cease
Bid the dying die in peace ;
Son of Mary ! from thy throne,
Hearken to the sufferer's moan !

The action was as well suited to the words as even Hamlet could have desired; for, raising himself a little, he espied a small party of men and women traversing the field, and examining the bodies, for the apparent purpose of giving relief to those who were not yet past its aid. Of these there were very few, and, unfortunately (so at least he expressed it), Mr. Dimond was one. These worthy people belonged to a religious association of the peasants of the neighbourhood, who called themselves Carmelites; and they bore him with all due care and humanity to one of their houses, which was in an adjacent mountain.

Here he lay several days, nursed and tended with the greatest kindness, and soon, though little to his own satisfaction, found that he was saved—for the present saved.

The loss of blood, as well as the earth-bath in which he had lain so long, had kept away, or at least had moderated, fever, and he was shortly able to crawl about.

After an abode of some weeks with those benevolent Carmelites, he was visited by the priest with whom he now was. This worthy man was brother to the Father O'Donohoe, already mentioned, and had come to inquire after him. The unfortunate man's fate was soon ascertained; for he had fallen early in the action, bravely fighting for the cause which he regarded as the right one. His body had been found by the Carmelites; and when it was recognized to be that of a priest, and of a beloved and respected one, it was buried with all the forms that the times would allow. His brother was about to return, when he was informed of Mr. Dimond's situation. It is not the least singular circumstance in the state of society in Ireland, singular as almost in every respect that state is, that the Catholics communicate to each other the most im-

portant concerns; and that never, or at least rarely, these become known to those from whom it is their interest or their wish to conceal them.

Mr. O'Donohoe, as has been said, was preparing to return home when he heard of Mr. Dimond, and instantly waited on him. He knew he had been the intimate friend of his late brother, and gave him a cordial invitation to go with him, and to take such shelter and accommodation as his house could afford. It was some miles further from the late scene of action; and Mr. Dimond, though less on that account than for the comfort of his society, readily accompanied him.

Here he had resided for some time, enjoying as well as he could the present; and that he might the better do so, thinking as little as he could of the future or the past.

"But surely," said Charlton, to whom the long communication, of which this is a very brief abridgment, was made; "surely the future should now engross some of your care.

The ports are in a great measure open, and you might with due management get to America, where you would be secure."

"To get to America," replied Mr. Dimond, "would be difficult, if not impossible. No one is received on board a ship without first undergoing an examination at the custom-house; and the vessel is rigorously examined before it sails. I would not throw away life, though I am not solicitous to preserve it; but these wounds—and disappointed hope, perhaps—have quite changed me, I think. I shall, I trust, still have the fortitude to meet death, but I feel I have lost much of the resolution that strives against it."

"But surely," said Charlton, "if a plan could be devised, by means of which you could get to America in safety, you would not reject it?"

"I would not—but I fear—I am satisfied, indeed, there is no such plan."

"You are deceived," said Charlton, telling him the arrangement that Mr. Newman

had made to meet him in Belfast. "He is already, I am sure, there waiting for me; and would, I am likewise sure, do all in his power for you; as well indeed he might, for, when he was in your power, you saved and protected him. Bitterly I lamented the loss of my pass and horse; but who knows but that it was fate, and not accident, and that it may prove the means of saving you."

"I would not dishearten you," replied Mr. Dimond, "but I do not think that it will. I believe the term of my earthly career is near at hand. I have impressed on my mind, in a manner which never yet deceived me, that I shall be shortly delivered from my enemies; not by flight to America, but by death, and that too by a death of no ordinary kind; but—as far I mean as I could—as I have endeavoured to live like those heroes of antiquity, whose memories and names are the only beacon lights of a perishing world, that I shall be called on to die like them. But I have work yet to do upon earth; and I therefore

bless God that it has pleased him awhile to lengthen my days, full as they have been of trouble, and likely as they are so soon to pass away! I have done you—I need scarcely say it was not so intended—but I have done you great wrong. To enter on such a course as I had, you should have had feelings such as mine; but you had not, nor could you, I now perceive, have ever acquired them. Your disposition, your habits, your time of life perhaps, made you regardless of those objects which were all the world to me—and it was cruel, it was inhuman, in me to make you endanger your life for the sake of them. Death, which in me, when called upon to meet, would be a duty, in you would be a sacrifice. Your fate, therefore, has been a greater subject of concern to me than my own. I could not call back past time, or recall that which was already done; but often of nights have I raised my hands to heaven and prayed that I might be spared to make you all the amends that remained—that I

might be spared to declare before the world, and before their courts of justice, as they are called, that you are innocent—that you embarked not, but were forced—that you did not enter, but were pressed into rebellion. This is my sole object in life; and, when it is accomplished, let death come, and it will be as welcome to me as ever was rest to the weary traveller at his journey's end!"

"Oh! think not of me," exclaimed Charlton, melted by this proof of disinterested regard, "but think of yourself. You are exhausted by loss of blood, as well as by sickness, and regard your fortunes as worse than they really are; but let us set off this night for Belfast, and I trust in heaven that Mr. Newman will devise some means of getting us out of this ill-fated land."

Mr. Dimond shook his head. "I shall never get out of it, believe me," said he; "it is the land where I have lived, and it is the one where I shall die. Nevertheless,

I shall accompany you to Belfast, since Mr. Newman is there, and his testimony will corroborate mine; and mark, that is the only reason why I go. It may be a weakness, but I believe in fate almost as much as the Turks, who imagine that every man has written on his forehead, not only the time of his death, but the manner of it; and I again tell you that my fate is drawing nigh."

The unfortunate man's presentiment, or misgiving, which is as expressive, and a more English word, did not mislead him; for, to hurry over a part of my story, alike unpleasant to tell or to hear, that very evening the house was surrounded by a party of yeomen, headed by a magistrate from the neighbouring town, and both he and our youth were taken into custody.

A variety of circumstances had led to this dire denouement. The number of persons hiding in the neighbouring cottages had been remarked; the circumstance likewise of the guinea, sent by our youth to

buy wine, had been communicated to the magistrate; and as this was a coin little likely to be lightly parted with, or wine a liquor little likely to be purchased by the usual occupants of a mountain cabin, it excited suspicion at a time when suspicion was so general. A search was therefore made for the suspected person, and he was (though not without difficulty) traced to the priest's house.

Thus by a singular, and what to many would seem a just fatality, was he made the instrument of the apprehension of him who had forced him into rebellion. Thus does even-handed justice commend the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips; and thus are we taught, what at this time of day we should not need to be taught, how truly it was said, that we should not do evil that good, or what seems to us as good, should come from it!

Whatever were the feelings of the ill-fated Dimond, and no doubt, notwithstanding his late declarations, they were of no

pleasing kind, he preserved the calm and even tenour of his way, and made his little preparations with tranquillity. As he was about to depart, the priest took leave of him as of one he should never again behold, and bestowed on him his last solemn benediction.

"*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!*" said he, bending his knee, and raising his hands to heaven. "Go in peace, good and faithful servant, who hast so well employed the talents committed to you—go and enter into the joy of your Lord. Go in peace, kind and benevolent man! who almost the first preached peace and good-will in this distracted land; and if the prayers of a poor priest can avail you in the long journey you are taking, nightly and daily shall they be put up in your behalf!"

"It is a long journey," said Mr. Dimond; "many have taken it before me, but none have ever returned; if I at all regret that I take it now, it is that I leave my country

in bondage, and that I must take leave, as I now do for ever, of such friends as you!"

The magistrate, by whom they were apprehended, was not, considering the times, an inhuman one, and allowed them the use of a chaise. They travelled a few hours; and, as the carriage stopped, Charlton looked up, and perceived the massy and dark building he had so lately quitted; its huge portal, distinctly seen in the clear moonshine, opening to receive them.

"Here those that enter leave hope behind," said he.

"Where hope cannot enter," replied Mr. Dimond, "neither can enter care—and that is only in the grave!"

CHAP. X.

Rise then; let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
They, only they are blest, and only free.

To be in a dungeon, with the prospect not very remote, of being delivered only by a premature and violent death, is among the most awful situations in which perhaps a human being can be placed; but awful as it is, how is it aggravated when the wretched sufferer is in the power of a low-born and low-minded tyrant, who, to habitual harshness adds acquired malice—who has the feeling of mortified pride, at being overreached, to wound him—whose passions are inflamed by unbounded li-

cence—and who, if he has the inclination, has the means to make his power felt in a thousand different ways.

In various different ways was our youth made to feel that of the incensed Mitchell; he and his friend were confined in different cells, his body was loaded with irons, and his spirits were harassed by contumely and taunt. Heavily, therefore, the days passed with him, for he was even refused communication with Mr. Newman, whom the duped gaoler regarded with especial ill-will; the greater, perhaps, that he had no direct means of wreaking his malice on him.

Charlton, thus deprived of all extrinsic aid, became despondent, and incapable of exertion. "It is vain," thought he, "to struggle longer; every effort I have hitherto made has only made that which I feared come, and come the worse upon me. I am in the same cell I was in before, but loaded with irons, and deprived of all association of friend, or comfort of food. Henceforth, I shall move neither hand nor foot. I shall

stretch myself on the great ocean of events, and let fate or chance bear me where it will."

Fast indeed one or other of them was somewhere bearing him, for in no long time his indefatigable friend, Newman—who, spite of all opposition, had made his way to him—informed him that a court-martial was ordered for his trial, and that of his unfortunate companion. His zealous friend gave him further to understand that he would attend as a witness, and that he would likewise act as his advocate; which, though he had long given up practice, was his original profession.

"I shall not flatter you with hope," said he, "for I did so on a recent occasion, and was deceived; but I shall do for you as I would for a brother."

"I am sure of it," replied Charlton, "and willingly trust my life in your hands; but do not say that on the occasion to which you allude, you deceived yourself;

it was my folly which deceived both myself and you."

"And mine also," replied Mr. Newman, "which trusted a restive animal in the hands of a boy, who carelessly let it slip through them, and spent the night in an idle and unavailing pursuit of it."

The appointed morning of trial came; and a short while before he was brought into court, Charlton had his irons struck off. A trifling relief apparently; but, in the delightful sensation it afforded, he for an instant almost forgot the scene that awaited him. Nor wonderful was it that he should, for the load he had borne was a massy one;—perhaps a humane mode of reconciling a man to death, by rendering life utterly insupportable to him.

In charity let us hope that it was with some such humane intention he was rather roughly addressed on his entrance into court. This tremendous tribunal, in whose hands were placed the issues of death and

of life, consisted of yeomanry and fencible officers—as a species of military about half-way between militia and regulars was then called, as we should have explained to the reader when, on a former occasion, we made use of the term. They were—no doubt there were exceptions, but they were, generally speaking, ignorant and prejudiced men. Two of those who constituted the present court were Scotchmen, who, having practised the useful arts of shoemaking and tayloring at home, had turned their awls and needles into swords and sashes; and thus accoutred and qualified, were seated on a court-martial which was to decide on the lives of two men. But with the garb those persons had not obtained the feelings of gentlemen, nor with a seat in a court-martial had they acquired an idea of justice.

It has been said, probably by those who have thought little on the subject, or who, tired of the law's delay, would prefer the summary justice of a Turkish cadi, that a

court-martial is the fairest of all courts. However that may be, the one before which it was our hero's fortune to appear was not of this highly favoured description.

One of those enlightened gentlemen objected to Mr. Newman's standing beside the prisoner.

"There must be no prompting here, sir," said he; "plain matter of fact for us; we want no lawyers nor attorneys to confuse us."

"No, by my honour," said another, "we want no *qui tams* here; we are king's officers, and try by martial law."

"You are here," replied Mr. Newman, "to hear evidence, and to allow me to do that for the prisoner which he cannot be supposed able to do for himself; if you do not this, and yet condemn, you will not be judges, but executioners."

This brought the more rational members of the court to their recollection, and Mr. Newman was allowed to be of what service he could. Before less prejudiced judges,

his evidence, however it might have been with his professional exertions, would, in all probability, have done all the service that was required. He clearly proved that the act by which the prisoner became connected with the rebellion, was not a voluntary one; that he had been actually forced into it, and that the unfortunate man, whose trial was just ended, had his conduct to answer for as well as his own.

This statement was fully confirmed by the testimony of the unfortunate Dimond himself.

"I have neither disguised nor palliated my own transgressions, as I am contented you should regard them," said he; "and have therefore a right to expect that you will believe what I shall say concerning this young man. I knew his family long; himself I have known from his infancy. He was my pupil—my favourite pupil. I taught him in his youth; and when fate afterwards (it was an evil fate for him)

threw him in my way, I would teach him again—I would lead him rather, for I did not reason, I did not argue, I did not intreat, but I compelled him to embark his fortunes on the same venture with me; and have, therefore, as the worthy advocate has well said, his conduct to answer for as well as my own. As mine was the crime, be mine therefore the punishment; hasten, heighten, lengthen my manner of dying, but return him to his country, to his family, to his friends; and I shall bless you, and pray that at your latest hour you may all have the same comfort in death that I trust I shall have in mine."

In opposition to this, it was shown that the prisoner had had a command at Ballinahinch, and had discharged, and without any apparent reluctance, the duties of his situation. This was all that could be proved against him; the rest was loose and random inference and conclusion. He had been skulking about the country in

woman's clothes; and, having escaped from prison, he was found disguised and skulking a second time.

I have no pleasure in dwelling on the errors and cruelties of that unhappy period, nor is it altogether prudent neither; for it is, in truth, treading on ill-extinguished fires—*Suppositos cineri doloso;* I shall, therefore, hasten over this part of my story, and briefly say, that on such bald and lame testimony my unfortunate hero was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed upon him.

That his heart gave him a severe pang need not be told, for hope no doubt had still lingered there. He would have spoken, but his voice, in common but expressive phrase, stuck to his throat; he could only bow, therefore, in mute acquiescence to his fate.

He was now removed to his cell, where he remained for several hours in a state of stupefaction, which withdrew him not only

from the world, but as it were from himself. It seemed as if he had neither eyes to see, ears to hear, tongue to speak, nor heart even to feel with.

From this mortal entrancement he was, at a late hour in the evening, roused by the presence of Mr. Newman. Tears stood in the good man's eyes, and dropped down his cheeks, as he looked on the poor devoted youth, and stood long without speaking to him.

" I thought that I had done with tears," at length said he; " and that my own sorrows had for ever dried the fountain of my eyes; but we come weeping into the world, to show us, as Seneca has well remarked, to what a place of trouble we are come; we pass through it weeping; and we leave it weeping again. This last is the foolishest of all; for if a man beget an hundred children, and live many years, so that the days of his years be many, I say, with the wise man, that an untimely birth is better

than he is. For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness!"

With these common-place subjects of consolation, the worthy gentleman proceeded, possibly more to his own satisfaction than that of his hearer: for every one is pleased with his own eloquence; and those holiday kind of sentiments, like the fire apparatus at the late theatre in Drury-lane, always display themselves to the most advantage, when there is the least occasion for them. Our youth's tongue did not tell him that he crammed those words into his ear, against the stomach of his sense, but his manner possibly said something like it, for his friend's next topic of consolation was a more fortunate one.

"While I would thus prepare you for death," resumed he, "I would not have you altogether hopeless of life. Do not despond; I do not. There are circumstances in your case different almost from every other; and if there were time fully to state

them, they would, I am persuaded, have due weight with a humane government, such as ours in ordinary times is, and will, I trust, shortly be again. At all events, nothing shall be left unattempted by me. Well may I indeed—I who—I—who basely—who—but no matter. Be assured I shall move both heaven and earth in your behalf!"

"Alas!" answered Charlton, "heaven and earth, and all good angels, have forsaken me."

"No, not all; there is one benign spirit, at least, who has not, and who never will forsake you: whose happiness, I must now tell you, I do not less consult than your own, when I console you in your affliction, and strive to save your life."

Charlton dropped a tear as he thought of the fair object alluded to, but, after all, it was a solitary tear, and an evanescent thought; for the thought of his dread situation (during the whole of my narrative I have not represented him as a hero, nei-

ther, therefore, shall I now) for the thought of his dread situation filled his mind, almost to the exclusion of every other.

"And now," said Mr. Newman rising, "adieu! you shall see my face no more, unless it be a changed face. As the bearer of glad tidings, I shall come, or I shall never come more."

"Oh! glad or sorrowful, good or bad, reprieve or gallows, come, I entreat you," exclaimed Charlton; "I am denied all access to my wounded and suffering companion; let me therefore see one friendly face before I die."

"Adieu!" repeated Mr. Newman, "but not, I hope, an everlasting one. And now that you mention that unhappy man, you shall see him before he goes hence; but repeat not to him a word of what I have been saying to you. It would be cruel, for for him there is no hope. Adieu! and read these lines. Why I bid you read them you may know perhaps hereafter; but this let me at present say, that sore as your

heart is, and I am sure it is very sore, it is not sorer than mine was, when it dictated them."

Lines written in a Church-Yard.

There is a sight I fain would take,
E'en though this tortured heart should break;
That form so fair, I loved so well,
In early youth who sorrowing fell,
—By what dread sorrow need I tell?
That form so fair I fain would rise,
No longer fair before mine eyes,
Would quit the coffin's narrow bound,
And cast aside the opening ground:
This is the sight that I would take,
E'en though this tortured heart should break!

Yes, there's a sight I fain would take,
E'en though this tortured heart should break
I would that grave would open wide,
That heap'd-up earth be cast aside
And I laid by her, side by side;
One little while to view that face,
And death's sad progress shuddering trace;
See foul Corruption's yellow shed,
On youth's snow white, and rosy red—
This is the sight that I would take,
Then bid this tortured heart to break!

CHAP. XI.

——————— Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crosst,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

How soon does time come when we would wish it to stay! how slow when we would wish it to come! Friday and Saturday passed away, and except the gaoler, Charlton saw no human sight, nor scarcely heard a human sound.

Sunday morning dawned: the first-born day of time, when, in the sublime language of scripture, God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' How lightly dawns it, we have elsewhere remarked the same, on labour, which that day reposes itself; on scanty food, which anticipates abundance; on devotion, which prepares to prostrate itself in His temple before the tribunal of its God: but how heavily does it dawn on him whose days are numbered, and whose glass is shaken, that it may the faster run; who loathes dainty food; who has done with labour, yet is sick of repose; and on whose scalding sores officious priests pour not the balsam of God's healing mercy, but empty the full vial of his denunciation of wrath.

We are not aware that it was to a priest of this description, our poor hero was obliged to listen; but of whatever description he was, Charlton benefitted little by his instructions, tossed as his mind was between hope and fear, every moment expecting, each time

that the massy gate grated harsh thunder on its hinges, to see or hear from Mr. Newman. But that day, and the next, which, according to his sentence, was the last he was to pass upon earth, passed away, and still there were no tidings of him; and he again abandoned himself to despair!

In the course of the evening, he was allowed the interview with his unfortunate friend, which Mr. Newman had promised to procure for him. It was, as may well be supposed, a melancholy one; and if our youth, notwithstanding the apparent approach of death, saw with something like indignation, the man to whom it was almost altogether owing, we cannot much wonder or condemn him.

The feeling, however, was a short-lived one, and quickly faded before the sight of the tall woe-worn figure which stalked towards him, and long and eagerly pressed his hands. He returned the pressure, but a choaking was in his throat, and he could not speak. Mr. Dimond seemed more

moved by the sight of his distress, than by the thoughts of his own.

"These many days past," said he, "I have been wishing to see you—and now that you are come, the sight of you is more than I am well able to bear. Is there indeed no hope! no reprieve! no respite even! and must you too go down to the grave!"

"There is none," replied Charlton, "and now there will never be any!"

"Never, I fear—ill-fated young man! It was I who brought you to this. The voice of your blood cries against me from the ground, and you can never forgive me."

"I can, I do, as freely as I hope to be forgiven. Who could feel anger at such a moment as this?"

"It is an awful moment certainly," said Mr. Dimond. "The sorrows of death encompass us, and the floods of ungodly men make us afraid. But no matter. In a few hours I shall have quietness, and this time to-morrow, at furthest, you shall have quietness too."

Charlton looked at him with astonishment. "Is not the time," asked he, "to both of us the same?"

"If you wish it," said Mr. Dimond, "it shall be. You may wait their time, or you may choose your own. I have chosen mine. This little bottle," continued he, drawing forth the vial of laudanum, which Charlton had never thought about, nor knew indeed that it was not still in his own possession, "this little bottle unites eternity to time, and gives a speedy and pleasant relief from the miseries and oppressions of life. My portion is taken, but I would not be unjust to you in death as I was in life, and I preserved you your share. Take it, and release yourself, as I have done, from this wild wilderness of the earth, where the flower is trodden under foot, and the weed only grows to full height!"

"I will not be so released," replied Charlton. "I have said it, and I will keep my word. I shall neither move hand nor foot, let fate bear me where it will."

"Alas! it will bear you to the gallows."

"To the gallows then let it be; but while there is life there is hope; and that Power which saved Daniel from the den of lions, is mighty as ever, and able to save me!"

"Worse than a den of lions," replied Mr. Dimond, "is now this devoted land. Tigers are its indwellers, and I wait not to be torn asunder by them. Here in my solitary cell shall I finish my wearisome journey; and when they seek me in the morning, they shall find but a lifeless corpse; let them wreak their vengeance on it if they will, I shall be beyond their power."

"Alas!" said Charlton, "that you should have done so. You are a clergyman, a Christian clergyman, as on an occasion only less awful than the present, you said; and bethink you how presumptuous it is, to rush thus unbidden into the presence of that Being, who has placed you here, and who upholds and surveys the world, and all that are therein."

"I am sick of the world:—in the language of one of the few plays I have read, it is an unweeded garden, and things rank and gross in nature possess it merely. I arraign not my Creator, whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out; but while I had life, I struggled in the cause of man whom he made. How I struggled, and with what intentions, you partly know! How I have been rewarded, you see! I worshipped virtue as if it were a real good, and I find it to be only an empty name! I cannot like him who in his last sad moments said this, raise my eyes to heaven, and see it all bespangled with stars, but I throw them round this dreary dungeon—and then like him I shall die. If I hereafter exist; if I ever regain the consciousness I am so soon about to lose, I fear not my Maker's judgments, for I acted according to the light which he placed in my breast."

"But tell me," said Charlton; "you are wiser and older than I; different were

the days of our birth, but the day of our death will be nearly the same. Tell me; our thoughts, they say, are clearer, standing as we now do on the threshold of time; tell me, I conjure you, do you think that we shall, good and bad, righteous and unrighteous, again exist, and that we shall indeed live beyond the grave?"

"My thoughts are troubled," said Mr. Dimond, solemnly; "they are confused as the dark scene before my eyes. But Revelation tells us this, and Reason, I trust, tells us the same. When I survey this wretched world, so full of misery, imperfection, and pain; where virtue suffers, and wickedness triumphs; where the just man perishes in his righteousness, and the wicked man prolongs his life in his wickedness; or, at the best, where all things come alike to all; where, as I have somewhere read, Cato was unfortunate, and Cæsar was no more; when I think of all this, I fondly hope that this scene so mournful is not the last, and that there will be a concluding

one, where tears shall be for ever wiped from our eyes, and where we shall know sorrow no more!"

"Alas!" exclaimed our youth, "if this world be so full of misery, imperfection, and pain; if virtue suffers, and wickedness triumphs; if the just man perishes in his righteousness, and the wicked man prolongs his life in his wickedness; or, if at the best, all things come here alike to all, what reason have we to expect that it shall ever be otherwise?"

"Let us not weaken hope by expostulation," said Mr. Dimond, "or expect to have a clear view of a state, which the Apostle tells us we can only see as through a glass, darkly. A crown of glory, I trust, awaits us; and between that and ourselves, as Bishop Juxon said to King Charles, there is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and rough, is yet a very short one. In an instant I shall set out; and I wish, though I shall not persuade you, that you would follow me. But whether you do or not; whether

to-night or to-morrow, meet your fate with decency. It is the common lot; all that live must die, passing through nature to eternity! The manner is of small consequence, and leaves but the recollection behind. Socrates died by poison, as I am now doing, and his judges died by disease. They are all dead alike, and where is the difference now! Seneca opened his veins, and Nero plunged a dagger in his throat. Had they both died by sickness, or been consumed in the fire that the latter had kindled, would it not now be all the same! The inhabitants of Pompeii were smothered in the burning shower which overwhelmed them at once. Contemporary millions bewailed their sad fate:—all these millions have passed away; thousands and thousands of them by a sadder fate than that of those which they deplored!!"

Charlton was unable to reply; he was indeed obliged to turn away to conceal his emotion, for the effect of the laudanum was now plainly to be seen. The unfortu-

nate man was aware of it himself, but death alone could erase from his mind those recollections which still lingered there.

"After Socrates had drank the fatal bowl," said he, "he was told to walk awhile about, and when drowsiness came over him, to throw himself on his bed. My hour of darkness, I feel, is coming, and therefore I shall lay me down on mine, in the humble hope that I shall rise to joy again! And now my friend, my pupil, my son—dear to me as a son you ever were—Adieu! And again and again, adieu! Let not your heart be troubled because of to-morrow, neither let it be afraid; it is but a short struggle, and you shall soon have repose!!"

CHAP. XII.

I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

How the remainder of that terrible night passed with our youth, I shall not attempt to describe. In almost maddening agitation, he tossed himself on his hard bed. Every sound he listened to, every tread he heard, every faint and lingering step, as the gaol gradually hushed into quietness, shook him with alternate emotions of hope and despair, as in fancy he saw his friend rush in with the welcome tidings of his deliverance and then again hearkened to his dying companion's last groans.

But as despondence, rather than hope, was

all through life his prevailing disposition, we need not wonder that it should be so on the present occasion; or that when he closed his eyes to shut out as it were the dismal prospect, the dread array of death should only the more stand before them—that involuntarily he should follow his own living funeral, and behold the long procession, the dread preparation, and the blackened ruffian, whom his heart shuddered to think of, yet who was evermore present to his view!

"And in my own hands," thought he, "I hold the remedy for all this. This little bottle, as he who now perhaps suffers no longer, so truly said, unites eternity to time; I have but to swallow what it contains, and procession, execution, executioner, vanish like a frightful dream, and I shall sink to sleep as I did in happy infancy, when my ways were innocent, and my heart was a stranger to guile!"

Three times he raised his arm with the fatal cordial, and as often he precipitately cast it down again. Friends! beloved

friends!" exclaimed he, "if I do not think of myself, let me think of you. Horrible as is to be my manner of death, to your virtuous prejudices this would be more horrible still!"

At length he slumbered, but his sleep, as may be well supposed, was not repose. Amidst innumerable freaks of the imagination, he dreamed that he was sitting in a window of his well-remembered native home, when a horseman came riding up to the door. It was as he thought his father; and he saw him without amazement, though he had been dead for several years. He ran down stairs to receive and welcome him. He took him by the hand, but it was cold, and returned not his grasp. He looked in his face, but it was no longer a human one. On looking further, he saw the horse from which the spectre, as it now seemed, had alighted; but it had stretched itself out to an immeasurable size, and a large black equipage was fastened to it. His father was now seated there, dressed in the

dread habiliments of the grave. "Will you not come in even for an instant?" said he in an agony of fear. "I have a long way to go," said the spectre; "come you here, and sit beside me!"

Bathed in the coldest dew of apprehension (I describe my hero as he is, and Virgil, I need scarcely tell my reader, makes his pious Æneas, from whom came the Latin race, and lofty walls of Rome, constantly shedding tears), bathed in the coldest dew of apprehension he awoke. It was now broad daylight, and the sun shone cheerly on his dungeon, and gilded his prison bars. To the miserable, it is painful to see nature look gay; nor perhaps is there any, even in his securest moments, who does not shudder as he calls to mind that the day will come, nor to the longest liver can it be a very distant day, when the sun shall shine as bright, and the world be as busy, and the earth as beautiful, when he shall be laid in the ground, and no

longer sensible to it. What were then our youth's feelings, on whom the sun seemed now for the last time to shine, and whose ears were assailed by the distinct sounds of the assembled, or assembling crowd.

Footsteps at length advanced, the ponderous key was turned, and the massy gate flew open with hideous recoil. "God, in thy mercy!" exclaimed he, "strengthen me, support me, now, now, now!"

The gaoler and several others stood in the door-way, and passage beyond; but the friend to whom he had so long, and so anxiously looked, only entered, and instantly stood at his bed-side.

"Raise yourself, my friend," said he.

Charlton slowly raised himself. "You come to tell me, I suppose, that all is ready," said he.

"All is ready," replied Mr. Newman. "Come quick."

"Tell me first," asked Charlton; "my unfortunate. . . . "

"Another time I will tell you all," interrupted Mr. Newman, "but hurry, I beg of you, now."

"I will hurry," said Charlton, "since you desire it; but alas for me, there is no other time."

He dressed himself, or rather his friend dressed him, in his ordinary clothes. It is the custom in Ireland, with the unfortunate persons who are to be executed there, to put on their dead dress. This consists of a shroud, and cap with a black ribbon; and Charlton had often shuddered, as in imagination he contemplated himself in this funereal garb. He felt inexpressible satisfaction, therefore, that he was not so arrayed; he doubtless felt hope also; for no matter what we say, or what we think, it cleaves to us to the end.

The gaoler now entered, and Charlton was led along the narrow and vaulted passages into the open air. The gaol was close to the session house; and having ascended a few steps, he stood in front of it.

He looked round him with a bewildered air; and if from his friend's manner, or other circumstances, hope had in any measure illumined his breast, it was now extinguished; for like the pirate's flag which refused all quarter, the fatal board of execution was raised. He closed his eyes, his heart became deadly sick, and he was obliged to be seated on one of the steps which led up to the court house.

When his faintness had in some measure subsided, his friend raised him up. "Now," said he, "take hold of my arm, and do as I do, and say as I say:

Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro."

This quotation, as the reader may conceive, was not very intelligible to him to whom it was addressed; but taking hold of the proffered arm, he was supported into the court house. It was crowded; but way was made for him, and, almost unconscious, he was placed in the little dock. A confused mass of objects, like those figures of

imagination which had of late so often tormented him, flitted before his eyes; but after a few moments had elapsed, he thought he saw the array of a court of justice, and a judge in a red garment, seated on his judgment-seat.

"But alas," thought he, "my eyes must surely deceive me, for am not I already condemned?"

But his eyes did not deceive him. It was a real court of justice he was looking on, which, after the storms of those perilous times, had again resumed its functions.

"Prisoner," with a loud voice was now said to him, (the indictment, setting forth in technical language the crimes of which he was accused, had been already read, in something beyond even the usual hurried manner of reading such documents). "Prisoner, you stand arraigned!—How say you, guilty, or not guilty."

Charlton surveyed him that spoke with a vacant stare. "Not guilty," said Mr. New-

man, who stood close by his side. "Not guilty," repeated the other after him.

"How choose you to be tried?" he was next asked.

"The prisoner, my lord," said Mr. Newman, "is overwhelmed by this sudden and unexpected transition from the death he expected, to this court; but he submits himself to the law, and will be tried by God and his country." The prisoner's lips moved in acquiescence, and he bowed his head.

"Are you prepared to take your trial now?" inquired the judge.

"Now, my lord," said the worthy advocate, who answered for his friend, as in the weddings of his country, the bride's-man answers for the bride, who is, or is supposed to be, too bashful to answer for herself.

The jury was not long in being impanelled, for there was a full attendance, and no one was objected to.

Witnesses were now called on; but as

unheeding as Glendower's spirits, no one came at the call. Again they were loudly called on, but still no one came. A third time the court rang with the crier's loud voice, but it died away amidst its own echoes, which was all the answer that was made.

"Acquit the prisoner," said the judge.

"Not Guilty," instantly pronounced the jury.

"Not guilty," was echoed with acclamation, throughout the court; and "not guilty," repeated he whom it most concerned, whom the joyful sound had at length aroused from his stupefied trance.

"Open the dock door," said the judge.

"Go," said our friend Mitchell; "and never stir," continued he, catching the contagion of the crowd, "if I am not as well pleased, as if any one had made me a present of a milch cow."

"Go!" repeated Charlton, "where!"

"Where you will," said Mr. Newman, taking him kindly by the hand.

"Where I will!" repeated the amazed youth.—"God of my fathers, I shall again behold the green earth, and blue sky."

Nature could not longer bear the strong revulsion, and he fainted away.

CHAP. XIII.



Bring us out to this sight, and you shall say,
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.—



THOSE only who have been transported from despair's deepest depths, to the heights of joy, can conceive our youth's feelings, as, restored in the evening to complete recollection, he stretched his limbs in peaceful security on his downy bed, and surveyed the neat bed-chamber, and gazed on the gay figured calico furniture, its mimic flowers lighted up by the yellow tints of the setting sun. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!" ejaculated he, "for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For mine eyes hath he delivered from tears, and my feet

from falling, and I shall walk before him again in the land of the living."

Of the happy coincidence of circumstances which led to this unexpected catastrophe, we shall now—and it shall be as briefly as possible, for, unlike a great Scottish writer, we are no learned Gamalials in the law—we shall now give some account.

It is no ordinary occurrence in this world, to have an active and zealous friend, and it is still we believe more uncommon to find that friend in the person of a lawyer. Mr. Newman's first intention, was to make an application to the general, or officer commanding the district, and he had proceeded some miles on his way for that purpose, when the glad news that the reign of civil law was restored, and that the judges were on circuit even, recalled him to the recollection of the apparent hopelessness of his errand, and he instantly resolved on a different manner of proceeding.

"The judge at Crumla!" exclaimed he,

as further particulars were communicated to him; "then he will be on Wednesday at Dortmore;"—this was the town where Charlton was confined. But his joy was checked as he recollected that Tuesday was the day appointed for his unfortunate friend's execution. It was still further checked as riding forwards he learned the judge's name, and called to mind that he was a severe and austere man, as little disposed, it was to be feared, to feel pity for a rebel, as the commandant of the district, or the court-martial itself.

However, he proceeded onwards to the town where the assizes were holding, and scarcely had he alighted, when he was informed that this formidable judge was taken suddenly ill, and that the business was in a great measure suspended till another should come from Dublin to supply his place.

"And who is it supposed will come in his place?" eagerly inquired he.

"It is not known," answered his infor-

mant, "but whoever he be, he is hourly expected."

"No matter who," said Mr. Newman to himself, "of the whole bench, none I am sure can be found so unfriendly as he whom fate has thus kindly put out of the way."

Fate indeed, or fortune, was now in one of its most favourable moods, and by a happy coincidence of good, less frequent it is to be feared than that of evil, the judge, his horses smoking with the despatch he had used, in no long time entered the little anxious and expectant town. He was a man of great humanity, and had been an intimate acquaintance of the late lord Eglamour, as he was of Mr. Newman himself.

That good gentleman instantly sought him out; and when he had related, or, in Scottish phraseology, narrated the circumstances under which he had sought him, he found him as well disposed to the work of benevolence as he could have expected or desired.

The worthy judge, for form's sake, re-assembled the court, and immediately afterwards adjourned it; and, as if all manner of causes had combined in our youth's favour, as oddly as they had before combined against him, the fever which raged in the gaol, crowded by the melancholy circumstances of the times, furnished him not only with a plausible, but with a sufficient and satisfactory apology. The illness, indeed, of the senior and regularly appointed judge, was in consequence of this contagion.

Mr. Newman travelled in the same carriage with the judge, and there seemed nothing to disturb them on their benevolent mission, except the consideration that Charlton had a companion, whom they deemed it impossible ultimately to save.

"While we interfere in behalf of the one, we destroy, or at least leave for future destruction, the other; and that, I own, would be most abhorrent to my feelings," said the humane and considerate judge.

From this dilemma the worthy advocate,

fertile as we have seen him in expedients, would not in all probability have been able to extricate his learned friend; but chance, which is nothing but the course of human events, and time, as it rarely fails to do, cut the gordian knot, which, with all their wisdom, they were unable to unloose. Almost the first news that they learned on entering the little town, was, that the unfortunate Mr. Dimond, after struggling long against the effects of the poison, had just breathed his last, and was alike out of the reach of human justice and of human mercy.

The course of justice (for that is divinest justice which allies itself to mercy) now ran as smooth as the heart of friendship itself could have desired. The judge took his seat, and scarcely was the court formed, and his commission read, when Mr. Newman addressed him.

He drew a brief but animated sketch of our hero's sufferings, and of the manner in which he had been entrapped into rebellion.

He stated that he was condemned to die, within a few hours too from the time he (Mr. Newman) was speaking, by the sentence of a court-martial, which in reality was now no sentence at all; the prisoner never having taken any military oath or engagement, and consequently being no subject of martial law, now that the courts of justice were open again. "In seasons of strife," proceeded the learned advocate, "when war is raging, and man is opposed to man in the field, courts-martial may be endured; but every authority is with me, while I stand upon the sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial and civil law are incompatible; and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter." He requested the interference of the judge, therefore; and moved that an order be instantly issued to bring the body of Charles Charlton into that court, where alone the question of his guilt or his innocence could be decided on.

The order was instantly issued, Mitchell

attended with his prisoner, and the result was what in the last chapter we have seen.

"And O!" exclaimed Charlton, as often afterwards he meditated on his merciful escape, "that my poor friend, the kind and affectionate instructor of my youth, had been less precipitate, and he too might have been saved! Oh! well and truly are we directed never to despair; for, even in the most forlorn situation, as to mortal eye it may seem, that Power which governs the universe may be at work, though unseen, for us. My poor friend was an humble individual, unknown except to a few, and his life as little as his death could have influence on the destinies of mankind; but what evil has heretofore arisen from precipitate despair? Cassius was short-sighted, and, in a fit of phrenzy, he slew himself in the very moment of his co-partner's victory. He was the abler, as well as the older, general; and had he only waited, and let nature have done that for him (it would soon have done it) that he so rashly did for

himself, he might have won the field which was so soon after lost—he might have lived beloved and honoured; and, dearer, perhaps, to his gallant heart than either life or honour, he might have left the world and his country free!"

CHAP. XIV.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care.
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

WHEN our youth's transports at his deliverance had somewhat subsided, and he had exhausted the congratulations of his many well-wishers and friends, he had another and less pleasurable subject of contemplation. That his joy was still great is certain, but it was not altogether unmixed joy—for unmixed joy is never long the portion of man. It was a great drawback upon his, that, born to no fortune, he must cross the Atlantic, to seek in America that bread which Ireland now denied him.

He was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements, when he received a letter from Mr. Newman, desiring immediately to see him. He rode over to his habitation accordingly, which was at no great distance from his own present one.

Almost the first person he saw on alighting was his friend's sister, and her reception of him was little more gracious than it had been on a former occasion. "This is really extraordinary," thought he; "surely she has now no fear of my taking her brother's bride from him."

This honest lady, whose countenance was such an index to her mind, did not sit down with them to dinner; and scarcely was it ended until her brother addressed our youth on the folly, as he termed it, of his leaving his native land.

"I do not leave it from choice, as you may well conceive," said Charlton. "I leave it because I cannot live in it. I have other reasons perhaps, likewise, but it is needless to trouble you with them."

"It is needless," replied Mr. Newman; "for, without your telling me, I can, I believe, conjecture them. But there is a friend in this house—who she is, you, I suppose, can, without telling, conjecture also—whom you must take leave of, and bear her best wishes along with you."

"My best wishes are hers," said Charlton. "May she be as happy as she deserves to be, and as I wish her, and neither she nor you need wish for more."

Charlton was now introduced to his fair mistress, if we may so call her; and as he once more looked on her blooming cheek, and listened to her soft voice, he felt that though to leave country, friends, and home was painful, to leave her was the most painful of all.

Mr. Newman sat silent during the time of tea, and seemed completely absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Tell me," said he, abruptly addressing Charlton, the moment that the tray was removed, "whether, if you had the means

of living comfortably in Ireland, should you remain or go?"

"I should remain, surely," replied Charlton; "but I have no such means. Neither have I the means of acquiring them. The party with which I unfortunately got entangled is now down; and even those who favoured it when it seemed prosperous, will probably be among the foremost to revile it, and all those who were connected with it."

"For a season," said Mr. Newman, "it may perhaps be so; but the memory of those things soon passes away. Our people—you know that much of them by this time, I dare say—do not long remember; and in the whirling scene of human events, the time may come, when, in the language of the poet, it will be accounted no crime to have been Cato's friend."

"It will be a long time, I fear," said Charlton, "and life is short. In my day I should be an object of obloquy here, and

it would be of little consequence to me that I should be praised after I was dead."

"It may be a long time, and it may likewise be a very short time," said Mr. Newman. "In these wonder-working times, the only thing certain, except death, is, that all things are uncertain; and that, before many years pass away, these lands must in all likelihood pass through great variety of untried being. In the meanwhile, if you have health and wealth and happiness, let not the fear of quips and sentences, and bullets of the brain, drive you away from them."

"They should not, I assure you. I have health, it is true; but I have neither of the other two, nor am I now likely to ever have them. I shall, in all probability, be as little the better for my travels as he of old was, and for the same reason that the sage philosopher gave him, that I too shall travel with myself."

"Then do not travel at all," said Mr.

Newman. "You have made all your preparations for your voyage. I allowed you to make them; for, though I meant not that you should take it, I know another who will take it in your room."

"Another!" repeated Charlton.

"Another," resumed Mr. Newman; "a friend—an acquaintance, too—*I* will take it."

"You!" repeated Charlton, "you!—And will Miss Eglamour—"

"Miss Eglamour," said Mr. Newman, "will remain behind, and be to you what, could any human being have been, she would have been to me, the solace and comfort of your life. Miss Eglamour," continued he, taking her by the hand, "will you not confirm what I say, and join with me in persuading Mr. Charlton to remain?"

The young lady blushed, and turned away her head.

"Silence that speaks," said Mr. Newman, glancing expressively at our youth,

"and I perceive you feel it as it deserves to be felt. Mr. Charlton, hearken to me. I am going to speak to you very seriously. You have youth and health—you have wealth and happiness, too! This hand is yours," putting Miss Eglamour's into his, "as you have long had her heart; prove yourself deserving of it, and I shall the less regret the sacrifice I have made."

Our youth's sensations at this unexpected denouement I shall not attempt to describe; often overwhelmed by sorrow, he was now nearly as much so by joy, and could give expression to it only by broken sentences, and exclamations of wonder, admiration, and love!

When his transports however had somewhat subsided, the word sacrifice struck on his imagination, and he repeated it. "But how can I, kind and generous friend," said he, "accept of such a sacrifice, or purchase my happiness at the price of yours?"

"That," said Mr. Newman, mournfully, "is a price which I have not now to pay.

I am undeserving of happiness—I am perhaps incapable of it; and fit and meet it is that it should be so, and that the transgressions of our youth should visit and embitter our riper years. What my youth was it now matters not; it is sufficient to say, that mine, if I may so speak, was buried in the grave; and that life, for more years than I remember, was little better than a blank. I thought I had again found happiness; youth and beauty and virtue seemed in my power, but years had rolled away, and with them the feeling of joy. My heart contracted itself against it; and now that I forego this lady, never can I feel even the hope of it more. And here, Mr. Charlton, let me with shame and sorrow confess my transgressions towards you. You regarded me as a zealous and disinterested friend. Alas! I was neither of these. I shrunk from you that morning I left you sleeping on the hill, that I might not be the bearer to Lord Eglamour of those explanations which I perceived you

intended. I did worse even—I encouraged you to escape from prison, and to betake yourself to America, when, had I exerted myself, as but for mean and selfish considerations I should have done, I might it is probable have honourably and openly obtained your release. And mark now how justly I have been punished, and how my very crime is the cause—one cause at least—of my losing her for whose sake it was committed. I shall not say what I endured that terrible interval of your condemnation, but solemnly I then swore, that would the Almighty but bless my efforts to save you, I would do that which I am now doing, and make that life happy which I was so near having destroyed."

"Oh! say not you were near having detroyed it," exclaimed Charlton! "had your best interest been exerted a moment sooner than it was, it would in all probability have been of no avail! you did all—for, you did the best."

"That is at least kindly said," replied

Mr. Newman, "and happily I have lived to make you amends. And now, my young friend, as I shall venture to call you, enjoy your happy hour. You love and are beloved. In your favour, therefore, I relinquish a hand which I had no right to keep. With you life will be to this fair creature a blessing—with me it would have been a curse.

"But why leave us?" exclaimed both the lovers, almost at once. "Oh! why not stay, and witness the happiness which is your work."

"I will not—I cannot. That I wish your happiness is certain, but I am sure I could not witness it. I go therefore to America, and where afterwards, I know not; but while I live I shall be a wanderer on the earth. Nor let the thoughts of this grieve you—neither sorrow for me. There is much good in your cup, and you must have evil—far greater evil than the loss of a hollow friend—to put you on a footing with the other sons and daughters

of men. Think of me, therefore, as of one whom you shall never again behold; think of me, if possible, with kindness; and when, in your walks, you trace fancied figures amidst the evening's grey mist, think of me as one of those—as a phantom that has vanished, or a tale that is told."

> The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
> And this was one of them!

CHAP. XV.

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our long, and I should hope not altogether uninteresting, story; and what remains shall shortly be told. It might perhaps be as well untold, and left to the reader's imagination to supply; but I like not, in truth, these modern usages. I like old customs and ways; and even at the theatre could never reconcile myself to the silent dropping of the curtain, leaving the performers looking, not delightfully, but expressively, with all their might—instead of one of them coming forward, according to

the good old custom, to take leave of the audience, and kindly dissolving the enchantment in which they sat, as it were, enthralled, by repeating his decent and sober couplet.

In conformity to this feeling therefore I shall say that Mr. Newman persisted in his resolution, and shortly after went to America, from which it was never his fortune to return.

The veil, which covered his youthful days, he has himself in a measure raised, and there seems little necessity to raise it more, for his story unhappily is an often repeated one. He loved, and was beloved; he was trusted, and he deceived;—and when repentance came, and he would have repaired the wrong he had done, repentance was unavailing, and the hour of reparation was past; for the ill-fated object was laid in her everlasting abode. The effect which this wrought on him was very great; the bright form of existence passed from his view, and left nothing in its stead but a cheerless blank—worse even, for fancy filled

the void with horrid forms! Happily he was born to an independence, and he sought relief from his hidden anguish by walking to and fro on the earth. Relief he possibly did, but happiness he did not find.

Years in the meanwhile rolled away, and he returned to Ireland with Lord Eglamour, with whom sympathy of story had closely united him. Fairer prospects seemed now to await him; his first love was forgotten, and he had found another. But he did not find happiness; that we have seen was wanting still. At the feast and the board we have seen the joyous bridegroom, as he might almost be deemed; but overstrained nature never failed to assert her rights, and as surely as the day was passed in feverish and fictitious merriment, as surely was he at night doomed to live his life over again—as surely were his fleeting hours of sleep, slow-rolling years of misery, heart-rending and soul-appalling misery! Waking or sleeping indeed, his heart had contracted itself against joy; and when he called to

mind the disingenuous manner in which he had acted towards our youth, and that the young lady's heart was wholly his; he honourably resolved that where her heart was, there should her hand be also; and bade adieu to her, and to his country for ever—thereby adding one more name to the list, already too long, of those who having sinned in their youth, must sorrow in their age.

In no long time after his departure, the happy couple were united at the altar; and Charlton had the satisfaction, which he had once so little expected, of calling his, her who was almost all the world to him; and to whom, in an especial manner, he was all the world; for deprived as she was, by death, of her father, and by exile, as it might well be called, of Mr. Newman, he was almost the only person that she intimately knew. Circumstanced as both she and Charlton were, they had little disposition for entering the gay and busy scenes of life; and settled as they shortly became, in a

sweet rural situation, they contented themselves within their own circumscribed bounds, and seldom went far from them. The demesne, with the estate of Lord Eglamour, had passed to a stranger, but those beautiful grounds were still open to them.

Here they frequently wandered, and Charlton's breast often swelled with conflicting emotions, as he surveyed those spots consecrated to friendship, where the prospects of his present happiness first revealed themselves to him. It was perhaps some check to his joy (for there is always something to check our joy) that he who formed the plan of it, was not alive to witness it. It was indeed with a feeling of profound melancholy, that he surveyed the room where he had last seen, and taken leave of, his noble patron; and called to mind his mournful prediction, that the marriage on which he had so much set his heart, would never in all likelihood take place, or at least that he should not live to see it.

"God of my fathers," exclaimed Charlton,

"when I left this apartment so cheerful and gay, could I have foreseen that when I next entered it, he whom I so honoured and revered, would be laid in his eternal abode, how different my feelings would have been!"

He had however the consolation of knowing, that his lordship had died in a great measure in friendship with him. During the first days of his illness, he had frequently mentioned him to his fair daughter, and had learned from her the full particulars of Miss O'Regan's conduct on the occasion of our youth's apprehension. This naturally led his lordship to a consideration of the past; and as sickness is a marvellous soberer of the imaginations of men, he came to the conclusion (other circumstances led to the same) which in the pride of life and rank, he had perhaps wilfully overlooked, that he had been the dupe of a vile woman, who had listened to the conversation which, to answer her malignant purposes, she had represented as being divulged to her. Such

in truth was the case in the instance of his or dship's liberal offer to our youth of his daught er, as we have seen it was, in the half-m editated instance of his own marriage. The artful woman had communicated both these circumstances to her paramour, who was a young shopkeeper in Eglamour; and this was the testimony brought forward by the lady, and which his lordship, in his let_er to our youth, called an authority which he could not dispute. Thus are the bes and wisest often deceived by the wickedest and foolishest; but it is but for a season, for truth almost always will prevail in the end.

Years rolled away, and still they found our hero happy and content. And when he looked backwards on those years, which reflected little else than the smoothness of the summer's lake, and contrasted them with the storm and trouble of the few months through which we have accompanied him, he thanked his kind stars, which had snatched him, as it were, a brand out of

the fire; and (in the language of him of whom in the last chapter he had taken leave for ever) regarded the Rebellion in which he had so strangely got entangled, its idle hopes and wishes, as a phantom that had vanished, or a tale that was told.

> The earth hath bubbles, as the water has—
> And this was one of them!

THE END.

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